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A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 10, 1910.

The Week.

The Aldrich bill for a commission composed of Congressmen to investigate Government business methods was passed in the Senate after the rejection of a substitute bill, offered by Senator Newlands, providing for experts on the commission. This exemplifies the jealousy which leads the legislative branch of the Federal Government to undervalue skilled assistance. Misconception as to the function and usefulness of expert commissions led to the crippling of the Committee on Department Methods, better known as the Keep Committee. The Keep Committee gathered a host of facts which the Aldrich bill would apparently undertake to gather anew. True, its scope was confined to Government work in Washington, but it made eighteen reports covering the most important phases of department business. Though the members of the committee were trained departmental administrators, they called in business experts. Comparative studies of private business methods were made, and the recommendations submitted to the President would, if carried fully into effect, have greatly increased efficiency and economy in Government business. We favor any competent investigation which shall better the conduct of Government business, whether it saves $100,000,000 or a less sum. Yet we believe that so vast and complex a business problem as this would be solved best by experts who are not already overburdened with public affairs.

By a vote of 50 to 22, and, except for one Democratic Senator, on a strict party vote, the amended Postal Savings Bank bill passed the Senate on Saturday. It now goes to the House of Representatives. Of the criticisms passed upon it in the Senate, the two most weighty touched the use or non-use of government bonds as a field for investment of the postal savings, and the provisions for withdrawal. Regarding the first of these, Senator Root argued strongly that the law would be unconstitutional unless the receipt of savings, through the post offices, were made an incidental function of the Government's borrowing powers. His argument was combated by Senator Dolliver, who answered that the scope even of the present post-office system, comprising as it necessarily does functions and powers which could not have been foreseen from the primitive post office of 1789, shows the futility of attempting to limit the proposed extension of those functions by the supposed conceptions of the Constitution-makers. The result was a curious compromise. Senator Smoot's amendment provided that "when, in the judgment of the President, war or any other exigency involving the credit of the Government so requires, the board of trustees may withdraw all or any part of said funds and invest the same in bonds or other securities of the United States." This was adopted, after an amendment of Senator Cummins limiting such discretionary use of the funds to time of war had been rejected, and after Senator Borah's amendment, forbidding their investment in bonds bearing less than 2¼ per cent. annual interest, had been accepted.

This compromise seems to us to be open to serious criticism. We find it difficult to approve a plan which deliberately creates so great uncertainty regarding the disposition of what may hereafter be an enormous sum of money. "Any other exigency involving the credit of the government" is pretty comprehensive language. Decline of outstanding government bonds below par might easily be construed as such an exigency; and it is to be observed that what the Administration is empowered to prescribe, in the undefined exigency, is not the investment of future postal savings in an old or new bond issue, but peremptory withdrawal for that purpose of postal savings accounts already deposited in banks throughout the country. We can at least conceive of seriously disturbing consequences of such action, and the placing of it purely in the discretion of the President seems to us a questionable recourse.

Illinois claims the proud record of having had more primary laws declared unconstitutional by the courts than any other State in the Union. For the fourth time within five years a primary law was passed at an extraordinary session of the Legislature which adjourned last week, and now that act rests under a cloud. The Attorney-General is virtually convinced that the law is unconstitutional. It is an amazing reflection on the standard of legislative ability in Illinois that, after three failures, it should be found impossible to frame a primary bill that will meet the specific objections laid down by the courts. Either it is arrant stupidity on the part of the Springfield lawmakers or else arrant dishonesty. Driven by public sentiment into taking up the question of direct nominations, the Legislature has succeeded in foisting on the people of the State one measure after another that will not bear the test of constitutionality. No other explanation suggests itself; against the principle of direct nominations the courts have not pronounced, so that there can be no question of a preliminary amendment of the State Constitution.

The situation in Philadelphia has nowhere been summed up with more force and insight than in the columns of the Cleveland *Leader*, a dyed-in-the-wool Republican organ. The *Leader* refuses to regard the struggle in Philadelphia as a great war between capital and labor:

> For the last quarter-century and longer Philadelphia has endured the tyranny of a monstrously corrupt and shameless municipal machine. Its aim has not been Republicanism, but graft and misrule. It has buttressed its position by fraud, and made lawlessness its weapon. And the great city which has an immortal history and many noble traits has endured all this pollution, inert, unwilling to make the effort needed to cleanse its municipal government. Under such circumstances, it has been inevitable that corruption should befoul the public service corporations and poison their relations with the city government.

The *Leader* might have gone on to show that in the long run the traction companies are as much the victims of their alliances with the political gang as the public at large and the employees. In the end politics reduces a public-service corporation to the level to which the Third Avenue Railroad in New York has been brought. In the end, the transit companies cannot even depend upon their political allies for that amount of

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protection for life and property which is their honest due. It is bad politics to club rioters who have a vote. The gang sells capital and labor indiscriminately, works for its own pocket all the time, and carries pollution to everything it touches.

"There are two little inconveniences," wrote Madame de Sévigné of a certain dignitary of Paris, "which make it difficult for any one to undertake his funeral oration—his life and his death." In the case of the late Thomas C. Platt, however, there is now no occasion for touching upon the personal side of the man. That long since passed into the shadow. His rise was coincident with the rise of political corruption by great corporations. He was shrewd enough and callous enough to create himself the paymaster of the forces through the subsidies which the managers of insurance companies and other large business concerns placed in his hands, and then put into operation the rule: "He who pays the bills controls the votes." Thus he made himself the fit instrument of a subterranean and slimy method of debauching Legislatures, and piled humiliation upon the State by forcing the Legislature which he owned to choose him United States Senator. It was as purely a mercenary transaction as was ever consummated. His public example, all these years, has been fearfully demoralizing. What a spectacle it has been to young men entering political life—this domination for so long of the Empire State by a man whom decent citizens abhorred, yet of whom they could not get rid! But, the wholesome change came while he was still alive. He died politically long before he died physically, and of his political death it can be said that it was like a dirty lamp going out with a foul smell. With the coming in of better practices, we are entitled to look back upon the political life and activity of Thomas C. Platt as something still to shudder at, but with a sense of relief at having forever escaped from it.

There is some reason to fear that Congress may make a most discreditable exhibition of itself in respect to the honors due to Peary. The Committee on Naval Affairs desires to have the record of Peary's journey submitted to them before acting. This is a reasonable demand, in spite of the fact that the genuineness of his discovery has at no time been questioned in any respectable quarter, and of the fact that the great geographical societies of Europe have been unanimous in bestowing upon him their highest honors for the achievement; but to insist further that the records should be made public would be senseless. Peary has no objection to handing the records over to the committee, and doubtless would be equally satisfied to permit their examination by any competent experts the committee might name; but he does object to an anticipation of the publication of his own book. The threat made by Macon of Arkansas that unless the records are made public he will "expose the whole business on the floor of the House or in a statement to the press" should have no influence with the committee. It will be less disgraceful for Congress to have one Arkansas Representative exhibit himself as a blatherskite than for Congress itself to display a combination of ungraciousness and stupidity of which the whole country would have reason to be ashamed.

It is not necessary to subscribe to the Constitutional doctrines set forth in Mr. John Bigelow's letter to the New York *Times* on the Rockefeller Foundation in order to find in it reason for stopping to think about some aspects of the great gift. The main thing is the danger, to which the letter calls attention, in the habit of overlooking the remote and indirect consequences of any new element injected into the social or political organization, its immediate and obvious results being the only thing that we are willing to take the trouble to think about. Any amount of discussion might end with leaving public sentiment just about where it was found. And yet a new development of such magnitude as this, and with such incalculable possibilities for its future, should be canvassed from more points of view than the single one that it is intended for the good of mankind, and that, wisely used, it will yield vast beneficent results.

Instead of speaking in generalities, the kind of thing we have in mind may be indicated by an example. The Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, though formed for the single purpose of making such provision for pensions to professors as might seem wise and desirable, already exerts a marked influence on the policy of many of our colleges and universities, and may in the future exert more. That influence has, we believe, been almost wholly beneficial; but there are many thoughtful persons who regard with real misgiving the possible effect in the future of the kind of domination which the existence of such a revisory institution, with its power of the purse, may exercise over the country's educational methods and ideals. Now, the Rockefeller Foundation is to have unlimited scope, besides probably commanding money resources many times greater than those of the Carnegie Foundation; it is also quite unlike the Carnegie Institution, which is devoted solely to the promotion of research. We do not deny that this very elasticity may be its greatest recommendation. But are there not dangers also?

The latest Johns Hopkins University circular contains, under the head "Recent Publications in Physics," a list of papers and books in that department of science published in the past four years by present and former members of the university. The list of titles covers twenty-two closely printed pages, the number of the authors of these contributions to science being about 110. We should be the last to recommend that an institution be judged by the amount of printed matter it turns out, whether in science or in any other field; but such a list as this might well serve as a timely reminder of the unique part that has been played by the Johns Hopkins University. A timely reminder, we say, because the university is about to undertake the collection of a million dollars—one-fourth having been promised by the General Education Board, conditionally on the other three-fourths being raised—a large part of which it hopes to obtain outside of Baltimore and Maryland. There ought to be a generous response throughout the country. The impulse to the prosecution of higher university work which was given at Baltimore has affected every university in the land; and Johns Hopkins, with comparatively small resources, has continued to represent, more distinctly than any other university, the objects for which it stood at the beginning. Baltimore people have helped the uni-

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versity liberally, more than making up the great and unexpected losses on the original endowment; and it would be becoming in broad-minded men in other States to come gladly to the support of such an institution.

In order to hold the office of Ambassador it is well-nigh essential nowadays that a man should have a private fortune, and a large fortune at that. The post has become one for rich men only, and it is often made an opportunity for display which is neither American nor dignified. We are glad to note, therefore, the activity of the American Embassy Association, whose object is to urge the acquisition by the Government of suitable houses for its Ambassadors in foreign capitals. The Association believes that if each Ambassador is required to live in the same house as his predecessor, the vast difference in their mode of life will, in great measure, disappear. At present, a palace houses one Ambassador—as, for instance, Dorchester House in London—while his successor may be forced to occupy a modest residence and be exposed to disagreeable comment on his failure to maintain the pace set him. The Embassy Association points out that we spend annually five hundred million dollars for past, present, and future wars, and it asks the suggestive question, why should we not spend five hundred thousand dollars, as is proposed by a bill pending in Congress, to foster peace by adding to the dignity and influence of our foreign Ambassadors? Why not, indeed!

The results of last Saturday's elections to the London County Council will come as an unpleasant surprise to those politicians who have lately fallen into the habit of picturing the Liberal party as on the verge of ruin and dissolution. Three years ago the Municipal Reformers in London, whose national affiliations are with the Unionist party, succeeded in capturing the County Council from the Progressives who had been entrenched in power for nearly twenty years. It was a clean sweep for the Conservatives, and the election was interpreted as indicating the city's and the country's disgust with the somewhat socialistic policies of the Progressives. Last Saturday the Progressives succeeded in wresting twenty seats from their opponents and just missing thus a majority in the Council. The extent to which the local contest may be taken as giving a line on the present party situation the country over will be disputed, of course. But one thing is plain, that the Liberal party, in case of another general election, is by no means so certain of going down to defeat as its torn-up condition in Parliament would seem to indicate. And still more plain is the lesson that the great cities of England, taken as a whole, are emphatically against tariff reform. This was brought out in the general election, in which London sorely disappointed the fond hopes of the Unionists. Had London experienced a change of heart since last January, here was its opportunity to speak out. Instead, it made it quite plain that its views of two months ago are its views to-day, and a little more so, as one of Mr. Redmond's followers might say.

The fight for suffrage-reform in Prussia goes on by means of argument as well as public demonstrations, and the antagonists of the plans of the present Chancellor are drawing many a weapon from the arsenal of his great predecessor, Bismarck. It is not contended that the latter held any very high or abstract views of the right to the ballot. He denounced, indeed, the Prussian system of voting as the most senseless (*widersinnig*) in the whole world, but this was because it worked badly. In a similar spirit he assented to universal suffrage in the election of the Reichstag on purely practical grounds. It was, to him, only a necessary step in bringing about German unity. And the point made against Bethmann-Hollweg is that if Bismarck were in his place to-day he would surely yield to the common-sense need of making the electoral system more acceptable to the masses of the Prussian people than is contemplated in the very limited reforms proposed by the Government. The contrast is, as the *Berliner Tageblatt* puts it, between Bismarck as the pioneer of German unity and Bethmann-Hollweg as the champion of Prussian narrowness.

Leopold II is dead, but the unsavory history of the Congo, and of the fortune which the late King acquired in that unhappy country, lives after him. In the Belgian Chamber the Socialist leader, Vandervelde, has forced the Ministers to admit that between twenty-five and thirty million francs in Congo bonds which should have accrued to the nation with the cession of that colony remained in the possession of the late King. The overhauling of the Leopoldian régime is bound to occupy the attention of the Belgian Parliament for a long time to come. It will probably be years before all remnants of the iniquitous system have been swept away and a civilized administration is established in the Congo. In the long campaign for the saving of that colony, no party in Belgium has done so much as the Socialist party. The Liberals have been too often divided in council or too timorous. The party led by M. Vandervelde has waged a ceaseless warfare against the policy of extortion and ruin in the Congo. Whatever may be the errors or the dangers of European Socialism, such service as the Socialists of Belgium have rendered to the cause of liberty and humanity calls for the heartiest commendation.

The Nicaraguan revolution has collapsed in the most thoroughly dramatic fashion. President Madriz has played to perfection the difficult game of luring an enemy on to his undoing, and after a long series of insurgent victories it took but one smashing blow to settle the war in favor of the government at Managua. Bluefields is still in the hands of the Estrada faction, and the same campaigning difficulties which made their advance on the capital so difficult and fatal an enterprise will probably keep the government forces from Bluefields for some time to come. But of the ultimate outcome of the struggle there can now be very little doubt. What Señor Zelaya's feelings are at this precise moment, and what Secretary Knox's feelings are, can readily be guessed. The pity of the whole affair is that the lives of thousands of men should have been sacrificed in a gamble initiated by interested politicians, backed by interested foreign capital, and having its only real chance of success in the intervention and coöperation of the American Government. That our State Department did not play into the hands of the revolutionists is less due to our own wisdom than to the gross blunder committed by the insurgents in forcing out Zelaya and putting in his place a man less open to attack.

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THE USE OF "INSURGENTS."

In nearly all the reviews of Mr. Taft's first year in the Presidency, mention is made of the rise in Congress of a group of Republican "insurgents." This is spoken of as an embarrassment for the President, and by some as a blow at government by party and even as a misfortune for the country. So long is it since free and independent criticism within the party has been seen, to say nothing of men who follow their consciences in actually voting against party measures, that the notion has crept in that such political manifestations are well-nigh a national calamity. On the contrary, we contend, they are a hopeful sign of the times. They may be temporarily disturbing to the Administration—though even it may profit by them in the long run—but for our general public life they mean a revival of freedom in debate and in voting which may be of the highest usefulness. The point was well put by Senator Dolliver in a public address when he said that the "insurgents" had at least accomplished this, that no tariff bill with glaring iniquities in it could be passed by unanimous vote of the Republican party.

That demonstration was given last August, but since then the importance of having men in Congress who think for themselves and will not surrender their convictions at the crack of the party whip has been shown again and again. Various bills now pending enactment will benefit from the scrutiny and sifting applied to them by men of unfettered judgment. One good example is the bill to amend the Interstate-Commerce Act, on which last week Senator Cummins of Iowa and Senator Clapp of Minnesota submitted a minority report. These men are numbered among the insurgents, yet the views which they submit are of great weight and pertinence. We cannot here go into the mattter at length, but will merely say that these dissenting Republican Senators single out several objectionable features in the proposed amendments. They argue, for instance, that there is grave danger in departing from the existing method of defending suits brought by common carriers to enjoin or set aside the orders of the Interstate Commerce Commission; and that there are serious defects and hidden perils in the provisions respecting "pooling" of railway rates as also in those designed to correct the abuses of over-capitalization. We do not say that all these points are well taken, but we do affirm that it is of great value to have them presented and argued by independent Republicans. If the objections were raised merely by Democrats, the cry would be that they were only partisan. But when Republicans who are both answerable to their constituents and supported by them come forward to criticise Administration measures, their act cannot be lightly dismissed. They are bound to get a hearing, and it is well for all concerned that they should.

The fact is that the Senate to-day is in a position to do better debating and really to make more improvements in legislation as it is hammered out on the anvil, than at any time for thirty years or more. We have to go back to the time when Sumner and Fessenden and Trumbull were ready to take an independent and critical stand to find anything like a parallel to present conditions. The tyranny of party has for years rested heavily upon Congress. Senators or Representatives might have strong convictions about the folly of legislation bearing the party seal, they might warn against it in committee or caucus, but, once the majority had decided, it was not permitted them to speak out their true belief on the floor, much less to vote in accordance with it when the roll-call came. That deadening grip of party has been broken during the past year, and the promise is that it will remain so for some time to come. The Senators and Representatives who have bought their liberty at so great a price are not likely to give it up on the first demand. President Taft and the party managers will have to make up their minds to get on as best they may with a body of Republicans who do not propose to surrender the right of private judgment.

Government by party always goes in danger of its life unless it remains reasonable. When it becomes an unendurable despotism, it is subject to revolution like any other. And the fact is undeniable that, as things have gone in this country for some years past, party control has become too rigid. Independent-minded men have been too much oversloughed or else eliminated. The system of government by party has tended to become what Lord Rosebery calls one of "alternating tyranny"—first by one party, then the other. Party has come to be thought of as a place where men pooled their consciences; but under such circumstances consciences have a way of disappearing altogether. And as a reaction and revolt against any such crushing out of independent opinion and solemn conviction, the appearance of Republican "insurgents" at Washington is not at all a thing at which to be dismayed.

PRICES AND ECONOMIC PRINCIPLES.

Not long ago we had occasion to comment on an article in the series that the *Independent* is publishing upon "The Cost of Living," which discussed the rise of prices in a manner calculated only to increase the confusion. Of the article in last week's issue precisely the opposite can be said. Professor Giddings strikes the note which, at the present moment, much needs to be sounded. The difficulty with most of the talkers and writers on the subject is that they look out, some with wide-eyed wonder, some with a naïve indiscriminateness which they mistake for scientific impartiality, upon a wilderness of facts, the command of which they do not attempt to secure by reference to any central or dominating principles. Professor Giddings calls his article "An Old-Fashioned Theory of Prices." This he puts in the form of a challenge of the central doctrines of political economy by "an up-to-date American philosopher," with the answers to that challenge which he imagines to be given by the three great builders of the "classical" political economy, Malthus, Ricardo, and John Stuart Mill. To condense Professor Giddings's article would be to spoil a fine piece of humor and satire; suffice it to say that it is as spirited a vindication as we have seen in a long time of the importance, too often forgotten by over-cultivated economists in our time, of those cardinal forces which, in our day as a hundred years ago, are the chief causes of economic phenomena. The recognition of the paramount influence of these causes was the great achievement of the masters of the English "classical" school; nowadays we are too prone to forget the distinction between what is fundamental, pervasive, and controlling and what is accidental, sporadic, and subordinate.

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In this question of the increased prices of to-day, there are a few central matters of fact, as well as a few central ideas concerning causation, which must be assigned to their right place if we are to have any chance of thinking straight about the problem. Of the matters of fact, the first relates to the degree in which the increase has taken place. This is, of itself, a difficult problem; but there are some points about it which must be constantly kept in mind. One is that the rise of prices has been world-wide, another is that not all classes of commodities have been affected alike, and a third that the point from which prices have risen—if we start with 1896 or thereabouts, as is usually done—was not a normal price-level, but an abnormally low price-level. The rise in the index-number of *Bradstreet's*, which assumes the startling magnitude of 62 per cent. if comparison is made with the bottom figure of 1896, shrinks to the moderate amount of 13½ per cent. if 1892 is made the starting point. To determine what is a fair measure of the present advance of general prices—not to speak of the prices of particular articles—over what may in any sense be called a normal level is an extremely complicated problem; but it is something to remember that before the great rise there had been an equally remarkable fall. Any thought on the subject that overlooks this is worthless; and it is strange enough that anybody should overlook it, when it is only a dozen years since the air was as full of bewailings over low prices as it now is of complaints of high prices.

A second thing that should be constantly borne in mind is that price is a relation between other things and money, and fundamentally (since the demonetization of silver) a relation between other things and gold. Without entering into any discussion of the quantity theory of money, it is evident that prices—*i. e.*, the amount of gold it is necessary to pay for things—cannot be independent of the amount of gold available in the world; there is no more reason that an ounce of gold should always have the same purchasing power, no matter how much gold there may be in the market, than that a bale of cotton should always have the same general purchasing power, no matter how much cotton there may be in the market. And the amount of gold in the world has, as a matter of fact, been increasing at a tremendous and utterly unprecedented rate for about twelve years. That this is the central fact in the situation, virtually all economists are agreed; and, owing to the freedom with which gold flows from one country to another, this circumstance affects prices throughout the civilized world. When the progressive demonetization of silver in the leading countries of the world had been contracting the metallic basis of the circulating medium, and was not offset by a great gold production, this cause was almost universally recognized as being at the bottom of the low-price situation; and in like manner, the world-wide rise of prices we are witnessing now is ascribed by economists primarily to the great augmentation of the world's stock of gold.

The fact that the rise of prices has not been uniform, that it has affected some classes of commodities much more than others, does not at all militate against the foregoing. Whether the general level of prices rises or falls or remains stationary, it will be equally true that the prices of some things will vary in comparison with the prices of others. But if there is any grand department in which prices have risen decidedly more than in other departments, it should be the task of the economist to discover, if possible, some broad and general explanation of this phenomenon. That such a special rise has taken place in the case of food products seems certain. In all probability the explanation is to be found chiefly in the increased demand on the resources of the earth which has come with the increase both of population and of general well-being; and we must add to this general cause, the particular fact of the drift of the population from the country into the cities. This state of things, if carried far enough, must mean that in order to keep people on the soil, it is necessary to give them larger returns than in the past. The operation of this factor may be quite as important just now as that of the law of diminishing returns; the two together are probably sufficient to account for the main facts of agricultural prices.

All this is not meant to show that no intricate investigation of the question of prices is necessary; on the contrary, we have always urged the importance of an investigation looking into the influence of tariffs, trusts, retail combinations, etc., and that by the most highly-trained experts obtainable. But in the meantime, it is worth while to clear our minds of misty notions, and to see as distinctly as possible the leading features of the case. Thus we may both avoid exaggerated notions of the phenomenon itself and reject attempts to explain it by foolish or fantastic reasons.

THE ROCKEFELLER FOUNDATION.

America's reputation for dazzling the imagination of the world by great achievements in philanthropy will be heightened by the plans of Mr. Rockefeller, as announced last week. The bill which was introduced in Congress to incorporate the Rockefeller Foundation looks to the most far-reaching and broadly conceived charitable and educational trust yet established in the United States. The Peabody Fund was a wonderful thing in its day, and its beneficent fruits have been reaped all these years. So, too, the Carnegie Institution, the Carnegie Foundation, and the Sage Foundation have made a deep impress, by the generosity of their endowment and the scope of their aims; and Mr. Rockefeller's own rich endowment of the General Education Board overtopped any other. But, if the large project which Mr. Rockefeller has in mind is rightly understood, it will surpass everything of the kind that has gone before. No figures of the endowment proposed are as yet given, but when we are told that this is to be Mr. Rockefeller's greatest and crowning benefaction, and when we remember that he has already given $150,000,000 to education and charities and medical research, we may expect him to set aside a sum for his Foundation which will be without a parallel in the annals of philanthropy.

The terms, too, in which the objects of the Foundation are set forth speak of sagacity and large-mindedness. There is no tying down of the trustees to narrow limitations. The purpose of the endowment being to run on for many years and perhaps generations, the founder has seen to it that no restricting "dead hand" shall be laid upon those who will have the administering of the unexampled trust. The trustees will have large discretion. Their duties are broadly defined, and the objects of the incorporation are described in such general

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words that the working out of the endowment can be made as flexible and helpful as future needs may demand. The great gift is to be for the "acquisition and dissemination of knowledge, the prevention and relief of suffering, and the promotion of any and all of the elements of human progress." That is as broad as humanity itself.

It is explained by those in Mr. Rockefeller's confidence that he means to make of this new Foundation a sort of clearing-house for all his future philanthropies. It will be an investigating and coördinating central agency. Any given end being urged, the means to compass it will be carefully studied. If an existing establishment can best do the work desired, funds will be put at its disposal to enable it to do so. Where either an individual or an institution needs help in some fruitful labor of research, the Rockefeller Foundation will stand ready to inquire and aid. It will publish books of useful knowledge, provide technical apparatus, employ or assist teachers and lecturers. In a word, it is to be a scientifically organized charity on a colossal scale. All of that talent for making large combinations and for creating an instrument of centralized control which went to the accumulating of Mr. Rockefeller's vast fortune, seems now to have been applied to devising this magnificent scheme for giving away a large part of it. The result will inevitably be to carry Mr. Rockefeller's name around the world and down the future as the greatest organizer and most princely endower of charity that had lived up to his time.

There is, however, a pathetic, almost a tragic, side to the Rockefeller Foundation. It is the human, the personal aspect. Mr. Rockefeller bestows hundreds of millions upon a people who do not love him. The great outburst of acclaim which would ordinarily follow such a public beneficence will not be his. He is an unpopular man, and, so far as can be seen, nothing that he can now do will ever lead his fellow-countrymen to shower upon him praise and approval. Into the causes of this it is not necessary to enter. So far as public reasons go, Mr. Rockefeller's identification for so many years with a company which came to touch the life of nearly everybody in the country, and which was believed to have long practised oppression and extortion, is enough to account for the associations that have been fastened upon his name. But there are personal reasons as well. To see what we mean, one has only to compare Mr. Rockefeller with Mr. Carnegie. Each set about giving away a tremendous fortune in his life-time, but with what different results! The difficult art of being very popular while very rich seems to have been perfectly mastered by Mr. Carnegie, but missed almost completely by Mr. Rockefeller. The former is easy and jolly in his manners, with an air of good-fellowship about him, taking a kind of boyish and even boisterous delight in his philanthropies, and making himself with his smile and his *bonhomie* a welcome figure everywhere. But all of that is quite beyond Mr. Rockefeller's range. By contrast, he appears awkward and hermit-like and melancholy. The very care which he gives to his charitable work, scrutinizing all applications closely, and elaborating plans like a conscientious business man instead of a jovial flinger-about of his money, while in itself a most praiseworthy thing, has undoubtedly the effect of detracting from an appearance of abandon and exuberance in his philanthropies. All this is in a true sense pitiful, yet it is inevitable. To the end of his days, so far as men can see, Mr. Rockefeller will continue to be thought of personally by the mass of his countrymen very much as he has been for thirty years. This is surely the tragic stuff of which human life is made. Possibly a hundred years from now some historical scholar under the Rockefeller Foundation will be set to studying the political and social conditions in the United States from 1875 to 1910, and will find to his amazement that the name of his benevolent founder had in his life-time been held in execration by millions!

PROFESSIONAL READERS.

In resigning his position as literary adviser of the New Theatre, Mr. John Corbin has spoken the thought of many an overburdened professional reader. He is tired of the job. During his incumbency he has read, inwardly digested, and at times thoroughly criticised something like two thousand plays—about five a day, by our reckoning. Out of these the New Theatre has put one or two on the boards. Mr. Corbin is too considerate to say that under these conditions the game of literary adviser-ship is hardly worth the candle, but he evidently is eager to turn his energies to almost any other occupation.

His plight merely brings into picturesque relief that of a class. Hundreds of skilled readers pass upon the mass of manuscript submitted to publishers and magazine editors, and the fate of such matters is usually settled long before they reach the august person whom the hopeful author thinks to impress. Year in year out, these tasters of literature appraise the motley flux, skimming off for publication the smallest portion, diverting the rest toward other readers and final oblivion. An extraordinary alertness is required of them. The early pages of a manuscript by an unknown and evidently uncultured writer may bristle with solecisms. Its illiteracy must be provisionally disregarded, for it may be an egregious best-seller—some "When Knighthood Was in Flower." A still finer discrimination perceives the promise in some half-achieved thing—the sketch for a "David Harum." Or, again, some book charged with innuendo is submitted. Will the public stand it, run after it? Can the reputation of the house bear its publication? The professional reader is supposed to know by some magic what will sell. The manufacturers of Yankee notions and the travelling agents of the antiquaries often have this instinct fully developed. It seems not a rational ascertainment, but a purely temperamental sense of what people will like.

Such is the first and foremost duty of a professional reader. If it seem a simple one, it should be recalled that a report is also required on literary quality. Self-respecting publishers are expected to make certain concessions to that unpopular commodity which among themselves they style admiringly "real literature." Here, too, the reader's task is complicated: If real literature is to be published at a loss, evidently that which involves the greatest gain in prestige and the smallest deficit in dollars is to be preferred. The head of the mere author or layman swims at such a problem; the professional reader must solve it regularly or lose his or her place. It is with the reading corps, even more than with the principals, that resides that intangible yet very real entity, the tradition of a publishing house. As one star differeth from another in glory, so

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there are degrees of dignity in readerdom. Professors and detached experts are called in to pass upon manuscripts within their field. But these are like prosperous citizens who incidentally enjoy the honors and collect the fees of the magistracy. With them may be ranked those rare readers whose commission is a roving one. We know of one enterprising publisher who pays a well-known man of letters a substantial honorarium for reading the magazines and reporting on new writers of promise. These are the refinements of the profession. The notion, however, of commuting for a cash consideration the duty of reading the magazines personally is worth the consideration of all well-to-do persons of limited leisure.

There have been, we believe, confessions of publishers' readers, but we recall nothing that goes to the heart of the matter and explains what sustains sensitive persons for years in so dire a task. For them surely the glamour of the written and printed work is soon dulled. A certain curiosity about literary processes must generally be found in them. Their work is, after all, barring a stricter revision of results, not unlike that of the critic or book reviewer. Much of the critical faculty, with its underlying inquisitiveness, they must possess to succeed. But we imagine that the actual sustaining principle is a kind of sporting interest in a venture that abounds in uncertainties. About most of the matter submitted there must be a hideous monotony, but there is always the off-chance of a "Mr. Barnes of New York" turning up in the mail.

Men of letters have taken a malicious pleasure in slating the professional reader for his or her manifold stupidities. "John Halifax, Gentleman" was well buffeted about; so, for better reason, was inchoate "David Harum." But, on the whole, the mistakes have been singularly few. Undoubtedly much pretty talent has failed to receive a publisher's subsidy, but there is no reason to suppose that any considerable number of important works of literature have been shown the door. If seasoned writers, including the unappreciated talents, would ask themselves what has been the best and shrewdest criticism they have received, the answer would often be: "That of the publishers' readers." In fact, the common skepticism as to the authority of criticism might perhaps best be met by showing in how orderly and successful a manner a working consensus is arrived at on a standard implying now intrinsic merit, now commercial expediency.

SERIOUS HUMOR.

Artemus Ward said that a comic paper was no worse for having a joke in it now and then, and his words have ever since been quoted as embodying the gospel of wit and humor. The great torm of American mirth is the joke. "It is to laugh"—that's our creed in a sentence. Misplaced capitals, awkward spelling, impossible grammar, infinite incongruity of situation, endless word-play, grotesquery of action and character, heightened by pictures equally funny, these are the things that make us laugh. We are quick to catch the point of a cartoon, to enjoy the exaggeration of a caricature. But to smile at the mock-serious, to be amused by satire, is a refinement as yet beyond us.

But our condition in this respect is not hopeless. When political freebooters solemnly plead with misguided reformers, newspapers, ministers, and college professors not to injure the fair fame of their common dwelling-place by pointing to its shames; when experience-hardened experts in statecraft with uncontrollable moral indignation denounce attacks upon one of their number, in the thrilling period, "It isn't right!"—when such things as these can be, it is impossible to deny the existence of American humor, however unconscious. He would be a rash reasoner, nevertheless, who concluded that self-revelation was the key to the storehouse of humor. While there would undoubtedly be those whose unconsciousness of humor was merely apparent, the great mass of the really unconscious would only be rendered fatally shy. Self-revelation would but kill the precious goose. The clue, however, does lie in this lack of perception. What is needed is the awakening of those who are not humorous, even unconsciously, to the presence of this quality all about them.

The obstacle in the way of the creation of a national sense of humor is the stubborn fact that humor is fundamentally serious. We have an ingrained notion that some things, as business, society, and sport, are serious, while others, as books, Sunday supplements, and theatres, have no excuse for existence except as they furnish fun. To suggest to your casual neighbor in the train that there is such a thing as serious humor would be to invite an incredulous stare; to insist that there is no other kind would be to incur the risk of unpleasant suspicion of your mental equilibrium. You might get your companion to admit that in Greece or in some group of dryasdust intellectualists your queer idea could possibly find assent, but never with him. And he would be only too nearly correct. A serious argument for the recognition of humor as a not unimportant element of civilization, even of morality, would be regarded as only a heavy way of trying to be amusing, far less entertaining than a real joke. But this is only part of the difficulty. Convince your supposititious acquaintance of the validity of your contention that humor is serious. You would merely have brought yourself to face the conclusive inquiry, why be serious? Isn't life serious enough? In that question lie the threads to a thousand ways of thought and character in American life. Making a living is serious business. All else—literature, drama, music—is recreation. If art cannot entertain, it is stupid.

Never was there a richer field for a great humorist than this. Our solemn devotion to the primal necessities, our patronage of the past, our contented unconsciousness of shallowness, our toying with the fringe of culture, our desperate efforts to persuade our public servants to do some part of what we elected them to do, our joyful surprise when they do it, our method of punishing them when they don't do it, our inconsistent but no less eager manifestations of satisfaction when a generally chosen Executive endeavors to force his will upon our specifically chosen representatives, our strange mingling of ideality and practicality, with its suspicion of professions of unselfishness, its worship of success, and it glorification of moral courage—but why extend the list? The great American novelist may be an absurd conception, but a great American humorist is a positive need. Nor should we fear lest his revelations might convert us to seriousness or to consistency. There would be no danger of our doing anything that would threaten the sources of our exhilaration.

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THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

PARIS, February 24.

Augustin Cochin, *archiviste paléographe*, in a book of little above 100 octavo pages ("La Crise de l'Histoire révolutionnaire, Taine et M. Aulard"; Paris, H. Champion, 2.50 francs), marks the present "crisis of the history of the French Revolution." The new Rector of the University of Berlin also took the occasion of his recent inaugural discourse to express confidence, in spite of all attacks, in Taine's historical methods and results. It is nearly forty years since the materialist philosopher began publishing his searching examination, which ended in a formal arraignment of the Revolution in its origins, factors, and events. The burning question is no longer whether Taine, the philosopher historian, approximated to the truth of things; but whether there are two truths in history, one of which is official and to be promulgated in the name of collective humanity, while the other is individual, to be passed over as incidental and even dissembled lest the official truth suffer doubt?

In 1888 the Municipal Council of Paris instituted at the Sorbonne a lecture course on the history of the French Revolution, with a suspected aim in regard to Taine like that of Queen Elizabeth's Oxford College for the perpetual refutation of Bellarmine. Professor Aulard has been the lecturer from the beginning, and his succession of published works has not belied the aim. They came to a head with the publication, two years since, of his arraignment of Taine as an historian. Taine exposes the facts of the Revolution; Aulard explains the Revolution, and at the same time denies Taine's accuracy and explains away his facts.

M. Cochin takes up the case, partly as a documentary expert. In a single chapter out of ten he draws up a sample list of "errors" in Aulard's array of Taine's "inexactitudes." A not too favorable critic (*La Grande Revue*, November 10, 1909) remarks: "M. Aulard's discoveries rendered Taine odious; M. Cochin's discoveries make M. Aulard rather ridiculous." M. Cochin concludes this chapter: "Thus, taken as a whole, the facts and testimonies gathered by Taine remain untouched. What he recounts is true." Gabriel Monod, *clarum et venerabile nomen* in French teaching of history, pronounced fifteen years ago ("Les Maîtres de l'histoire"): "What he has said is true."

M. Aulard and his school have begun none too soon if they are to veer civilized sentiment from reprobation of the Revolution's deeds, which they belittle and excuse and justify, toward acceptance of the Revolution's leaders and dogmas. For M. Cochin, then and in our own time, the essential question goes deeper: "What is this official reign of public opinion, of the free and sovereign people?" He begins from the "historic phenomenon, ill understood and never studied directly and in itself until Tocqueville and Taine." It is always the same: In July, 1789, Camille Desmoulins—and the people: in October, Maillard with his sabre bared—and the people; in the September massacres, 1792, Billaud and Danton—and the people. Of the former we know the least details—of the latter nothing. Yet "the people" do everything, storm the Bastille, lead King and Assembly, massacre prisoners:

> The "patriot" people of 1793 is the same as that of 1789. . . . Taine was first—and it is his glory—to dare look it in the face and demand its right to its title. He was first to try to define and comprehend the Revolutionary phenomenon, to make acquaintance with the "sovereign people," with "patriotic opinion," from 1789 to 1794, during the five years of philosophic liberty. . . . How far has he succeeded?

The summary verdict of Seignobos is known: "Taine's 'Revolution' is the painting of a duel in which one of the adversaries has been effaced, giving the other the look of a madman." Even if true, adds Professor Aulard, it is no matter; for Taine's method in his social statistics of 1789 is like collecting all the horrible cases in our Paris newspapers of to-day, "to give an idea of France in the year 1907." In two lively pages M. Cochin transfers a few of Taine's cases to a *Petit Journal* of our day: 120 fires, murders, robberies; Rouen, Lyons, Strasburg, Marseilles, in the hands of rioters and brigands; the *maire* of Troyes, an aged magistrate, with hay thrust in his mouth, his eyes picked out, tortured for hours and killed; generals at Rennes, Dijon, Bordeaux, Caen, in flight or prisoners or capitulating; the heart of the commander at Belzunce cut out and paraded on a pike; in Paris, the guard in revolt, the unions publishing their lists of proscription, Minister and Chief of Police and civil governors killed and heart and head paraded amid flowers; the Parliament forced daily in open session by a few hundred outsiders calling themselves "the People":

> These are some of the "little facts." . . . Taine thought they deserved a first page. M. Aulard has more principle; he says not a word of them in his "Political History." . . . This is not so much a sentimental taking of sides on his part as a method and a subject, which certainly merited having their historian; it is the interest of history to establish the official version of Jacobinism.

Elsewhere M. Cochin names Professor Aulard "the historian of Republican defence." His method supposes that even the worst incidents of the Terror may be passed over as "circumstances of war." This method is more than ever followed for uncomfortable events of our own time: the Paris Commune is now only an "insurrectional movement," and its massacre of hostages a mere incident provoked by the advance of Thiers's troops; and last summer's Barcelona riots are explained away and justified in like manner. As M. Cochin remarks, "it is never the Revolution which begins." He thereupon inquires: "Is it true, as M. Aulard believes, that circumstances justify all the laws, all the acts of the Revolution?"

From this *thèse des circonstances* our author proceeds to the *thèse du complot:* "For there is a fact as certain as the principle is clear—the distinction, however far back one may go, then the divergence, then the conflict, between the Sovereign People of the Societies and the people, between M. Aulard's Revolutionary France and France simply." Just as Taine's facts upset the defence of the Revolution from outside circumstances, so here they stand in the way of the Royalist explanation of it by plots and intrigues within:

> There appears in 1789 a people which oppresses the majority, a liberty of principle which destroys liberties of action, a "philosophy" which puts to death for opinions, justice which puts to death without judgment. We see this miracle come to pass—the despotism of liberty, the fanaticism of reason. Such is the Revolutionary antinomy. Has Taine solved it, disentangled the origin of such strange ideas? I do not think so. . . . [But] Taine's critical examination permits us, if not to solve, at least to put very clearly the Revolutionary problem. The humanity which slays is sister of the liberty which imprisons, of the fraternity which spies, of the reason which excommunicates—and all together form that strange social phenomenon called Jacobinism.

In successive chapters M. Cochin suggests the application of M. Durkheim's sociological methods to this disputed period of history; he examines the Republican defence; the social opinion of the time and how it was worked up; and the people's mysticism (a much abused word in French theory). M. Aulard's defence is "a passive orthodoxy bringing into history the new political god of the social régime—the People. Do you measure now the full enormity of Taine's crime? He has overthrown the idol, broken in pieces the grand fetish of the Revolution—the People."

M. Cochin's little exercitation in logic applied to history can in no event be rejected without reason. It concludes with a dilemma and a warning:

> Thus the question is still open and the problem unsolved: on one side, an explanation upheld only by dint of omitting and attenuating; on the other, facts all the less explainable the better they are known. . . . Shall we see the end of this crisis? I believe so, but on two conditions: first, that we guard ourselves against the scourge of all curiosity, indignation; . . . secondly, that critical examination shall finally rid us of the Revolutionary fetish, the People.

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Thus both Taine and Aulard are old-time historians; our own generation for ten years has seen how the real people is led in France by the "Petit Peuple," and can study this object lesson at first hand by new scientific methods, and it now has to apply the lesson to history as it will be written to-morrow—"the social history of the Revolution." For this will be useful both Taine's sincerity in collecting facts as an example and Aulard's "patriot" version as a document.

An excellent praxis and, in some ways, a corrective of M. Cochin's logic may be found in the studies and documents of Léon Dubreuil, relating to the Revolution in a single department, a part of Lower Brittany ("La Révolution dans le Département des Côtes-du-Nord"; H. Champion, 3.50 francs). It is written without theory and shows how the peasants, when their land-hunger had been satisfied, lost interest in further Revolution; how agitating *bourgeois*, after they had levelled the nobles and had their own elevation to defend, came in their turn to a standstill; and how the few "patriots" fared in trying still to keep pace with Paris. Attention might have been given to facts which show that much of the Breton opposition to the Revolution had a religious motive—a civil clergy not accepted by their church had been foisted on them. In any case, "when, in 1804, it pleased Napoleon to change his title of consul for life to that of Emperor, he found the Republicans of 1793 Imperialists without knowing it."

Edme Champion's "J.-J. Rousseau et la Révolution française" (Paris, A. Colin, 3.50 francs) will, for some minds, be a work of little less importance than that of M. Cochin. It is a direct answer to those who accuse Rousseau of being the forerunner of the Terrorists. In particular, it controverts the brilliant literary work of Jules Lemaître, who serves ostentatiously the counter-Revolution, which Taine did not. "Perhaps the best way to defend Rousseau would be to write at last the history of the counter-Revolution. Guizot, in his youth, expressed in memorable terms a truth which he forgot all too soon: 'By the counter-Revolution the Revolution was poisoned.'" In twenty-two chapters, with much documentary comparison, M. Champion arrives at his interesting conclusion:

> With more study than has yet been given to what was said and written on the eve and the morrow of the fall of the monarchy, perhaps Rousseau would cease to pass for a "direct author" of the French Revolution. . . . Instead of striving to establish a bond between certain passages of the "Contrat social" and the events of the Revolution, so as to conclude with M. Faguet that Rousseau would have recognized in Robespierre his minister, his "chancellor;" let us question the actors of the drama; let us ask them how they understood Rousseau; let us examine how far they took account of his teachings; without taking sides, let us seek the motives of their acts.

M. Champion defends Rousseau against the accusation of inspiring the deeds of the Revolution; he admits the deeds which Taine recounts, but his work should not be altogether displeasing to M. Aulard, who defends the Revolution itself. Perhaps the deepest question, after all, is that propounded by Tocqueville's English friend, Henry Reeve, in the *Edinburgh Review* for July, 1871: "Why is it, then, that the very name of the Commune of Paris is a name of terror and turbulence, whilst that of the City of London is synonymous with good order and ancient unambitious civic administration?"

S. D.

Correspondence.

THE CARNEGIE FOUNDATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Some four years ago the generosity of Mr. Andrew Carnegie led to the establishment of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching. A magnificent endowment, $10,000,000, provided large retiring allowances for professors in our colleges and universities. Later, $5,000,000 was added to extend the privileges of the Foundation to tax-supported institutions. The educational world rightly greeted this announcement with joy and satisfaction; here at last was a man who recognized the work of our college professors and made suitable provision for the old guard. Trustees were named; the machinery of the Foundation was started, and institutions of higher learning made haste to become enrolled in the accepted list.

It seems strange that the development of plans for the carrying out of this generous donation has led the trustees into paths far remote from the starting point. They have adhered to the original purposes of the gift; yet the machinery they have elaborated in some cases does not appear to be working in harmony with Mr. Carnegie's original intention and the best interests of education in this country. We have had other funds given to advance education, notably the Slater Fund, the Peabody Fund, the Southern Educational Fund, and the General Education Fund, and their trustees have done great and noble service, and that, too, without disturbing our general educational conditions or attempting to dominate the institutions they served. Much less have they attempted to control the educational policies of the country.

The Carnegie Foundation was confronted with an array of colleges and universities, large and small, strong and weak, and in the attempt to sift from this lot the "accepted" institutions, a definition was evidently sought for the words "college" and "university." What institutions should be qualified to share in the Foundation? The three principal tests imposed by the Foundation were: (1) the financial test: an institution must possess a certain amount of invested funds; (2) the religious test: the institution must be free from denominational control; (3) the scholastic test: it must have a certain fixed standard in scholarship. Under these conditions a number of colleges and universities became participators in the pension system of the Foundation. According to this plan, many professors have been retired upon allowances, and in many cases the widows of professors have become beneficiaries of this organization. This feature of the work of the Foundation has met with general praise.

But in this attempt to standardize our higher educational establishments, the conditions imposed upon the participating institutions have brought about a singular state of affairs. A great many colleges could not measure up to the educational standard set for them. They were obliged by the Foundation to rest upon a high school course that offered fourteen yearly five-hour-a-week courses in four years; this gave the "fourteen points" for entrance to college. This standard of fourteen points, an arbitrary standard, was not uniform among institutions of the foremost grade; some had higher standards, others lower. In the South and West many colleges are at present debarred from enjoying the privileges of the Foundation. From the correspondence printed in the third report, one may see how the presidents of Southern colleges are affected. Some hope to meet the test, and beg for time; others show small hope of doing this and pray for a modification of the standard. The South, which needs the help more than the North does, is almost shut out. According to the fourth annual report, of a total of sixty-seven participating institutions, there are three approved institutions in the South; in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and New England, there are thirty-seven. The other Northern States, running as far west as through Nebraska, have twenty-two with two in the Far West, and three in Canada.

In meeting the religious test a number of our well-known institutions appear to have met with difficulties. Most of our colleges, as is well known, were established and have been maintained by denominational connections. To-day many of them retain something of their old character. To compel these institutions to meet the non-denominational control clause appears very much like asking them to ignore their traditions and to forget their history. Yet some of them stood the test, probably with the belief that time had wrought such changes that the modernization of these institutions would appeal favorably to the alumni and the greater public. Others had more difficulty. Bowdoin College (so it runs in the annual report) carried on a correspondence with the Foundation for more than a year and a half; and, in order to purge herself of denominational connections, was at last obliged to have recourse to the courts on one point, to exact a waiver from a sole heir on another, and to hand over to Andover Theological Seminary $56,118.16 on a third, this last being a fund left to establish a professorship of $50,000, on condition that the president and a majority of both college boards should "always be in doctrinal and religious sympathy with the Orthodox Congregational Churches of New England." It is rather a pathetic spectacle—this long correspondence. The Bow-

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doin trustee said: "I think I may take it for granted that your Foundation does not wish the college to throw away money. It cannot afford to do this." And yet this is what it actually did. On another page and altogether apart from this matter, President Pritchett of the Carnegie Foundation writes: "A large proportion of those who sit on boards of trustees in colleges have no conception of college work, and have shown little readiness or ability in the handling of even its financial responsibilities."

Other colleges which have had more or less difficulty on this score are Drury College, the Central University of Kentucky, and Drake University. This last-named university was obliged to amend its charter so that not even a minority of its trustees might be elected by a denomination—the Iowa Christian Missionary Convention. The Central University of Kentucky was obliged to compel two Synods of the Presbyterian Church to resign their powers of electing the board of trustees. And Drury College secured in the Circuit Court of Greene County, Missouri, an amendment to its articles of incorporation so as to eliminate from them all reference to any denominational restriction upon the board of trustees. Coe College and Swarthmore College have recently had similar experiences.

It would seem to the observer that there was a fine ethical principle here involved. We have in this country many colleges under denominational leadership. The Presbyterian College Board reports 51; the Congregational Educational Society, 23, and the Methodists and others have large lists. These institutions, and colleges and universities somewhat like them, are playing an honorable part in our history. They have received our prayers and benefactions; and to them we send our sons to receive the elements of manhood. What will these boys say (and they are a pretty keen lot), as they discuss the ethical principle involved in a college renouncing its allegiance? Will they not sometimes recall the story of the young man who sold his birthright? Is the cause of teaching advanced when colleges, our strongholds of higher education, are tempted to forsake the faith that has made them what they are?

Enforcing these regulations, together with a financial test which was not very difficult to meet, the Carnegie Foundation has during the past four years been creating educational history very rapidly. It has established, or threatened to establish, a system of inspection throughout the colleges on the approved list to see that there be no lapse from moral rectitude. It has offered opportunities for unfavorable comparison by stating that certain institutions have been "accepted," while others are "not accepted." It has offered for adoption a uniform system of college and university accounting. It has established an exchange of teachers between this country and Germany. It has become actively allied with the College Entrance Examination Board—an organization that sets examination papers for college entrance. It has publicly criticised two universities, not members of the Foundation, for allowing politics to play an undue part in the choice of professors and other officials. And it has openly driven from its membership and held up for public censure one university which, it asserted, did not live up to the tests of the Foundation.

It may safely be assumed that educational conditions in this country are not what they ought to be. Educational unity may be lacking. College requirements may not be fair or uniform. Politics may enter too largely into some of our educational transactions. Men of leadership may at times feel the need of moral supervision. The question that may be raised here is not concerning the necessity of certain definite reformatory action; it concerns the competency of such a board as the Carnegie Foundation, a close corporation, to render decisions which may be accepted as final and official. Power and authority are good things in their places; but one ought to seek the origin of this power, the basis of this authority. Leaving out of consideration any question of wrong-doing on the part of universities, the question may fairly be put: What authority has the Foundation for uttering a decree that may bless or damn? The United States commissioner of education or any State superintendent of education might issue an order, and it would be official, backed by authority; not so the Carnegie Foundation. But the effect of the Foundation's decree is far-reaching.

There has been much written of late concerning the domination of our high schools by the colleges and universities, and much intelligent effort has been spent to make the high schools more what they ought to be. This question may be raised: What help will come to our system of public education by the superposition of the Carnegie Foundation upon the colleges, and by its insistence upon certain demands which the colleges are to make of our high schools? Put it a little more bluntly: What right has the Carnegie Foundation, a non-political close corporation, to impose restrictions and regulations upon the public schools of the country? And in those States where State universities control educational policies, put this question: What right has a State Legislature to allow its State university, an institution supported for the public by public taxation, to be controlled as to standards or policies by an outside body? This question of the attempted indirect domination of the public schools by the Foundation is one which should receive the most careful attention. The source of power in this country lies in the people, and authority is granted to their chosen agents. Such expert agents of our public educational interests are scattered all over our land; and it is competent for them, and for them alone, to dictate policies which eventually affect our national life.

All this is a far cry from the pensioning system which Mr. Andrew Carnegie, in great generosity, desired to establish; yet this discussion has followed the development of the machinery of the system. The future usefulness of the Foundation apparently lies in carrying out the wishes of the donor, and in avoiding the difficulties which some of the trustees of the Foundation did not at first fully appreciate.

J. P. CUSHING.

High School, New Haven, Conn., February 28.

CHANGING STANDARDS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Rather interesting to Southerners was your recent editorial on "Losing Our Standards," in reference to what was right or wrong in the civil war.

There are changes going on in this side of the struggle, too. Intelligent self-supporting negroes may be found who heartily agree with Mr. Calhoun that slavery was better than freedom for the race; while, on the other hand, there are some Southern whites who disparage Southern traditions and polity.

It is possible that we ought to lose some of our standards, inasmuch as our judgments were warped by the stirring events of that period. We are still too near the event to make a final verdict in matters of right and wrong; or even in reference to some points of expediency. For instance, when the war closed, the picture of Mr. Lincoln's life was entirely finished, and the monument of Mr. Lincoln in the act of striking the manacles off a slave seemed to sum up the whole story of his career; but subsequent events which grew out of Mr. Lincoln's precedents and presidency have given to that statue an air of incompleteness. The extravagance in pensions and in government, the corruption and irresponsibility engendered in official places, the tariff for revenue and for protection which has built up a more universal form of slavery, the bondage of the many to a capitalism which manipulates the government in its own interest—these and other developments make one lose his "standards" with kaleidoscopic rapidity. Mr. Lincoln, in order to attack an evil, had to go outside of his Constitutional powers, and several generations will yet have to pass before an impartial historian can speak the final verdict on Mr. Lincoln's remedy for slavery, whether or not it was more costly and corrupting to the body politic than the evil itself. Tiberius Gracchus, with the best of motives, began in an unconstitutional way to attack an evil entrenched in power, and his place in the history of Rome could be decided only after a century of conflict had borne its full results.

Gen. Sherman passed through our State just before peace was declared. The Confederate soldiers returned to their homes and saw the track and débris of the cyclone. That was the end of it. They set to work to rebuild their homes and their lost fortunes. But by and by, Gen. Weyler in Cuba, later Lord Roberts in South Africa, and our own generals in the Philippines began to study Gen. Sherman's exquisite methods of making "both high and low, rich and poor, feel the hard hand of war, as well as their organized armies."

Then it began to dawn on us that our disasters were not unique, but that from the days of Sargon to the civil war the desire of dominion and empire ran uninterrupted and made the will of the stronger the law for the weaker. With this broader view of the situation it followed naturally that the imprecations upon our Northern invaders were transferred in a measure to fate and the nature of things. And so on and on with the passing years and fast coming events one Southerner at least has been losing his

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point of view, and changing his standards in reference to the civil war.

H. T. COOK.

Greenville, S. C., March 1.

THE HERALD IN "HENRY V."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In his recent article in *Harper's Magazine* for March, entitled "New Shakespeare Discoveries," which has already excited such widespread interest, Prof. C. W. Wallace remarks that Shakespeare "also honors his host [Christopher Mountjoy] by raising him in the play [*i. e.*, "Henry V"] to the dignity of a French herald, under his own name of Montjoy." This statement is substantially repeated in the account of the article in question which you published in your issue of March 3. Whatever influence Shakespeare's residence with his French host may have had on "Henry V"—and I think that Professor Wallace is right in most that he says on the subject—none can be claimed in this particular matter, for "Montjoy" or "Montiole"—we have both spellings—was already the name of the herald in Shakespeare's source for this play, viz.: Holinshed's "Chronicle." This one can easily verify by referring to the corresponding passages of the original text as they have been reprinted on pp. 182 and 194 of "Shakespeare's Holinshed: The Chronicle and the Historical Plays Compared," by W. G. Boswell-Stone (The Shakespeare Library, 1907).

J. DOUGLAS BRUCE.

University of Tennessee, March 5.

"RARE" OR "OVERDONE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Picturesque phrase-making is not new, but never has it been more novel. Not even in the days of Elizabeth was the language so tortured to yield up a new phrase, or, what is often quite as startling, the ghost of an old one. Especially our descriptive writers seem put to it to give us an accurate notion of anything—the old phrases are so dim or so discolored. "Blue" no longer does much for the sky, which must now be an "aching, vivid turquoise" before we can identify it. True, this is a special bit of sky above Mukden, a city in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and no doubt in Manchuria as well, where towers are "colored fiercely vermilion," and streets present "a sudden terrific splashing of gold, and splatter of red, fresh and clean and beautiful as blood," till the beholder is "smitten mute by a crushing sense of color." Nor do the ordinary terms longer mean much to the art critic, if a writer in the Boston *Transcript*, describing the loan collection of Whistler etchings now at the new museum, can be trusted. The Coast Survey plate is "simply reeking with significance," and certain plates are "quite in the tadpole stage." Of course, for the sake of passing humor and the jangling jargon of journalism, these things are adequate. It would be fatuous to carp seriously at such phrases or to quote in righteous contrast a line by Joseph Conrad, who has seen the skies of the East, or a line by Whistler, who has made significant phrases as well as "plates in the tadpole stage." But surely it is evident that language, like many another creature on the rack, shrieks when tortured too far—and later may be expected to die from exhaustion.

RICHARD RICE.

Bloomington, Ind., February 25.

MEDICINE IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the science department of your issue of February 10 appears a statement which cannot pass unchallenged, namely, that "the mediæval mind knew no science of medicine, and, even if it had known, the dissection of the body would have been held sacrilegious," etc. What is gratuitously asserted is gratuitously denied, therefore I deny the truth of this statement *in toto*.

Is it possible that your critic is ignorant of the history of mediæval medicine? Permit me to refer him to the address of Prof. Clifford Allbutt of Cambridge University, "On the Historical Relations of Medicine and Surgery down to the Sixteenth Century." This was delivered before the Congress of Arts and Sciences held at the St. Louis Exposition in 1904. A reading of this will convince him that his statements are erroneous. Has your writer never heard of William of Salicet, Lanfranc, or Guy de Chauliac, the "Father of Modern Surgery"? Does he know nothing of the hospitals established by order of the great Pope Innocent III? If the assertion that "disease, death, and poverty were dispensations of Providence, and any attempt to study them at close range with the idea of their prevention would have seemed like questioning the omnipotence of God," etc., be true, why did the Pope undertake to build hospitals? Why were vast and perfectly organized charities maintained to relieve want? In addition to Professor Allbutt's address, a perusal of Dr. Walsh's "The Popes and Science" will convince any man that his own *ipse dixit* will not be considered by thinking men a sufficient proof that the Middle Ages were times of darkness and ignorance.

CHARLES C. CONROY.

Saint Vincent's College, Los Angeles, Cal., February 18.

"IT IS ME."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is, of course, beyond all dispute that the weight of authority is on the side of "It's I," the form preferred by careful writers. All that I set out to show in my hurriedly written letter (*Nation*, February 24) was that there is some authority also for the less favored form; but, as this latter is still questionable usage, no teacher of English would, on the strength of that authority, allow it to pass unchallenged in the written work of his students. So far as my observation goes, teachers of English, from their natural desire for purity of speech, are more inclined to lean too far on the side of purism. Yet, after all, it is difficult to conceive that—outside the circle of confirmed precisians—any one with any feeling for language could prefer "Be thou I, impetuous one!" for instance, to the line as Shelley wrote it.

E. A. ALLEN.

Columbia, Mo., February 28.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is said that some one of Thackeray's friends once asked him, when the locution in my title was under discussion, what he would say if, on going to a friend's door and knocking on it, he got the salutation, "Who is there?"

Thackeray replied, "I should certainly say 'It is me'; but if I were writing of a situation of that sort, I should say 'It is I.'"

And, is not this just about what we should all do? We are not living to make or justify a grammar; but very often find it convenient to put our spoken colloquial sentences, as we do our clothes, in loose and easy forms. A pertinent story is told of a very scholarly editor among us. One morning his servant, Bridget, asked him how he was feeling; and he replied, "Oh, I feel good; how are you?" Whereupon she answered, "I feel very well, thank you." Here the correct usage came from illiterate lips, while the scholarly editor was at once conscious of his own grammatical infelicity. As certain nations—China, for instance—have a common people's language, and a literary one vastly different, why may we not all enjoy, sometimes, when we are in mere dialogue, the common "illiterary" lingo?

JOEL BENTON.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., March 2.

ANCIENT GREEK COSMOLOGY—A REQUEST.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have noticed with some surprise the singular agreement between the form of the earth as described in the "Sūrya-Siddhānta," and its form as implied, if not fully expressed, in the "Argonautica" of Apollonius, iii. 159-163. In each case the earth has at its poles, and hence antipodally located, two vast mountains, surpassing all others in height and, apparently, reaching far above the region of the clouds. This is the more curious since the same idea is found among the ancient Babylonians and, according to Lenormant, among their Sumerian predecessors in the Euphratean valley (see JAOS, XXVI, 84). If among your readers any one has met with the same conception elsewhere in Greek literature, he will render a service to students of ancient cosmology by calling attention thereto in your columns.

WILLIAM FAIRFIELD WARREN.

Boston University, March 2.

PERSONAL HISTORY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: We live in an age of particularity, and the writing of history has been affected thereby. To quote an editorial article which appeared some weeks ago in the *Nation*:

> History never permits real generalizations. . . . We talk of heroes, but mean Antony or Napoleon; we discourse concerning nations, but mean always Rome or England.

One may or one may not accept the theory of the Neapolitan philosopher, Benedetto Croce, partially exposed in this editorial; one must at least recognize the vogue of that theory. In France, men talk of the "personal conception" of history—which comes to much the same thing. To cite a concrete instance, in the preface of his most recent volume (the fourth series of

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his admirable "Vieilles Maisons, vieux papiers"), Georges Lenôtre offers a defence of the history of individuals, as opposed to that of institutions. He pleads, to be sure, for no mere anecdotal history; rather for an *histoire romanesque*, for the literature of the *roman vécu*. How well M. Lenôtre succeeds in dignifying this somewhat perilous *genre*, most readers of the *Nation* are aware. But what kind of writing have we in this country, and in England, to fit into this department of the history of individuals, the *histoire romanesque*? This order of historiography seems almost to run parallel with the prevailing "impressionism" of contemporary literary criticism; to bear out the contention that we are, at the present epoch, more than commonly afraid of real ideas; hiding behind our emotions, or taking refuge in "documents." Without deciding for or against the "history of individuals," what are we doing in this fertile field?

To put it bluntly, we are pouring forth a dirty stream of books, whose authors, after raking the gutters and greenrooms (and other places, too), from the seventeenth century through the nineteenth, scoop up all of the old scandals that they think capable of "literary treatment," and even do their part in inventing more. The worst of it is that fair paper, clear printing, and fine illustrations lend these books —for the careless readers for whom they are intended—an unmistakable attractiveness. As one protestant against this variety of production has lately expressed it, "a mere string of *contes drolatiques*" is served up "with trite and insincere reflections upon comparative morality, obviously thrown in as a sop to Puritanism." Within a short time, a number of these books have been discreetly noticed in the *Nation*, though others—the greater part of them being, fortunately, of British confection—have passed unremarked.

I am not sure but that there is something less excusable, even, than this last kind of literature. What I am thinking of is our latter-day memoir of a man of letters, or a man of state, written, not to add to our knowledge or understanding of the genius, but to satisfy—or perhaps only to awaken—a certain prurient curiosity. Mr. Francis Gribble, to name a conspicuous offender, brings to his task a not inconsiderable acquaintance with the authorities—with the documents, even, in some cases. Yet how ignoble is the point of view suggested by such titles as "Chateaubriand and His Court of Women," "George Sand and Her Lovers," "Jean-Jacques Rousseau and the Women He Loved"! He espies in Chateaubriand only the lover who never "gave" himself, but only "lent." For him, George Sand has little or nothing of that noble nature (albeit unrestrained) that was capable of becoming the *grande mère de Nohant*, and Flaubert's devoted friend and counsellor. In Jean-Jacques, he sees only the Bel-Ami.

I do not ask a romanticising of history—literary or political. But if the tale is worth telling at all, let it be told decently. Is there no escape from the cheap cynicism of these contemporary biographers and memorialists, who smirch all that they touch?

W. B. B.

New York, March 4.

Literature.

THE YOUNG EMERSON.

Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson with Annotations. Edited by Edward Waldo Emerson and Waldo Emerson Forbes. Vol. I, 1820-1824; Vol. II, 1824-1832. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.75 net each.

There are men who are so interesting to themselves that they keep their own archives. Unlike most of us, who are well content if the path close behind us as we go, these men conceive their lives as a whole, and require that the record of past selves be always at hand to confirm the self of to-day. The painter Elihu Vedder has filed away his slightest sketches from boyhood. It is such a record of an artist's life as probably has never before been made, and happily the essential part of it will be communicated. In general, the keeping of such archives implies that the life has been conscious, self-critical, and self-directed; and what is thus set down for personal guidance will almost always have an exemplary value for others. It is a just instinct that has induced two kinsmen of Ralph Waldo Emerson to publish generous extracts from the intimate journals which he kept for a matter of fifty years.

We first meet the future essayist, a Harvard junior at seventeen, and the author of blotting book "No. XVII." The numerical coincidence might lead one to suspect that he had kept annual records from his birth, but it is safer to assume that only the journals of four or five years are missing. Young Waldo, as his friends called him, is already a leading rhetorician in his class, an organizer and secretary of the short-lived Pythologian Society, a shrewd critic of such oratorical demi-gods as Everett and Ticknor, an imitator of the tropical eloquence of Chateaubriand, an indefatigable reader in older English literature and the classics. Such pursuits were inimical to regularity in class work, and the young sophist was graduated precisely at the middle of his class, being the last man to receive a commencement appointment. By academic standards, he had lived without infamy and without praise, and in the periods of depression and ill-health that followed his college days, he took this melancholy view of his own capacity and achievement.

As a matter of fact, he had done much. Aside from his constant rhetorical experimentation, he had enjoyed a fuller and more genial association with his fellow men than often came to him later. Not merely his phrases, but his thinking had been fined. Reflection already issued readily in opinion on all matters, and before graduation, we find established the lifelong habit of double transliteration of ideas into prose and verse. Water-color sketches of a certain character enliven his journals. At a later time he regretted that he had not followed the artist's career. To complete the romantic variety of college days came a strange infatuation for an underclassman, Martin Gay. His portrait is in the journal of 1820, above a poem by the limner. For a year or more, the two lads eyed each other uncomfortably, but Emerson never made the advance that might have converted the unspoken sympathy into a friendship. Characteristically also, he did not forget Gay, but followed his honorable career with interest. The scope of the undergraduate journals can only be indicated. They contain a considerable amount of sheer fustian, which presumably was not taken too seriously by the young rhetorician, but they also contain passages of a penetrating insight. He questions the nature of the pleasure arising from painting, and rejects the theory that it comes from resemblance to the object depicted. Against this Aristotelian view, he shrewdly cites the fact that much better facsimiles than painting, "a stone apple or fruit," do not yield this pleasure. "No," he concludes, "it arises from the power which we immediately recollect to be necessary to the creation of the painting." Whether this is or is not a good explanation, it virtually anticipates by two generations the psychological æsthetics of the French school. Of equal precocity is a passage on familiar eloquence, in which he writes:

> It appears to me that it is a secret of the art of eloquence to know that a powerful aid would be derived from the use of forms of language which were generally known to men in their infancy, and which now, under another and unknown garb, but forcibly reminding them of early impressions, are likely to be mistaken for opinions whose beginnings they cannot recollect, and therefore suppose them innate. At least, if by such operation they cannot convince the mind, they may serve to win attention by this awakening but ambiguous charm. By these forms of language I mean a paraphrase of some sentence in a *Primer* or other child's book common to the country. The spell would be more perfect, perhaps, if, instead of such a paraphrase, the words of a sentence should be modulated to the cadence of the aforesaid infant literature.

For a youth of seventeen the observation is surely extraordinary, and Emerson seems to have absorbed his own teaching. A marked virtue of his mature style is the racy and homely undercurrent of word and figure that enriches its superficial staccato elegance.

But Emerson's style seems almost an inheritance. Readers of Cabot's Memoir are no strangers to that remarkable "Aunt Mary" who stood in the stead of father and mother to the orphaned Emerson children. With Waldo at college she was in frequent correspondence,

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and the topics were God and fate and faith and immortality. Aunt Mary appears to small advantage in extracts. Her style is not so much an anticipation as a curious caricature of that of "Nature" and the "Essays." She is full of what, but for prohibitory dates, one would call Carlylese exuberance. Rectify her diction, and you would get Emerson's. Whenever he writes of her in the journals his manner gains lift and warmth:

> The religion of my Aunt is the purest and most sublime of any I can conceive. It appears to be based on broad and deep and remote principles or expediency and adequateness to an end—principles which few can comprehend and fewer feel. It labors to reconcile the apparent insignificancy of the field to the surpassing grandeur of the Operator, and founds the benignity and Mercy of tne Scheme on adventurous but probable comparisons of the condition of other orders of being. Although it is an intellectual offspring of beauty and splendor, if that were all, it breathes a practical spirit of rigid and austere devotion. It is independent of forms and ceremonies, and its ethereal nature gives a glow of soul to her whole life.

Bravo, Master Emerson, and congratulations not merely upon your graceful periods, but upon a leadership that shall take you serenely through hard years of religious readjustment.

The "Wide World" was the title that young Waldo gave to the journals of 1821 and later, after his graduation. He found it a cold world. For want of better occupation he turned to the drudgery of school teaching, lapsed into ill health, irresolutely studied for the ministry. A sense of failure beset his introspection. The journals abound in confessional passages of a morbid sort. At twenty, after reviewing the bankruptcy of high intellectual ambitions, he passes to more intimate issues:

> Look next from the history of my intellect to the history of my heart. A blank, my lord. I have not the kind affections of a pigeon. Ungenerous and selfish, cautious and cold, I could yet wish to be romantic; have not yet sufficient feeling to speak a natural hearty welcome to a friend or stranger, and yet send abroad wishes and fancies of a friendship with a man I never knew. There is not in the whole wide Universe of God (my relations to himself I do not understand) one being to whom I am attached with warm and entire devotion —not a being to whom I have joined fate for weal or wo, not one whose interests I have nearly and dearly at heart; and this I say at the most susceptible age of man.

Without questioning the sincerity of such an outburst, it needs very little literary experience to know that a grief so well and fully expressed is at least half-assuaged.

As the journals progress they become purged of mere happenings and more dense with thought—a little less interesting, one must confess, for they begin to suffer the formidable competition of his essays. Before twenty-one he had struck out clearly the theory of "difference of good" which underlies the famous essay on compensation. Everywhere the commonplace books yield fine extracts. We may note the whimsical prophecy of the phonograph conceived as a "Reading Steam-Engine. . . . Put in a pin and hear poetry; and two pins and hear a song." Of timely worth is an observation on the dangers of poetical religion. Certain vague and elevated expressions—he illustrates from Milton—"leave a self-complacency arising from having thought so nobly for a moment, which leads the self-deceiver to believe himself better than other men." The sombre dignity of a passage on the eternity of vice can only be hinted at. As a final illustration of the *pensées* that abound a definition of romance may serve:

> Romance grows out of ignorance, and so is the curse of its own age, and the ornament of those that follow. Romance is never present, always remote; not a direct but a reflected ray. . . . A Romantic age, properly speaking, cannot exist. . . . Heaven and earth hold nothing fanciful. As mind advances, all becomes practical. . . . Nevertheless, Romance is mother of Knowledge—this ungrateful son that eats up his parent. It is only by searching for wonders that they found truth.

The four years beginning with Emerson's majority were one long fight for health. Some hint of walking trips in New England there is, an inkling or two of the oratorical and theological ferment in Boston, but, generally speaking, the journals are barren of event except those of the inner life. When the young divinity student, in the winter of 1826-1827, makes his wise retreat to the South, the current of life runs stronger. There is talk of Southern courtesy. We glimpse that fine free-thinker, Prince Achille Murat, who later appears in the Essay on Friendship. A kind of stoicism begins to blunt the first twinges of hostile reality. Emerson faces himself and the world without illusions and without fear. During much of this time death was only around the corner. Emerson writes, "Go about your business, and when it comes to the point, then die like a gentleman." He accepts his limitations without the romantic heroics with which they were first perceived.

It is a solemn moment when he considers the mental breakdown of a loved brother, and realizes the taint in the family. Then he looks inward and faces the new peril. Quite dispassionately, he sees in himself a sluggish trait, and a "fund of nonsense," that must safeguard his sanity. So one by one the phantoms of greensickness and sheer debility are scrutinized and laid. Significantly his mind recurs to the topic of compensation. Now and then he wrestles with historic forms of skepticism, and weaves original, if also Cartesian, arguments, to certify his faith in a God and his hope of immortality.

In his twenty-sixth year, he was called to the pastorate of the historic Old North Church in Boston, and became the husband of Ellen Tucker. The latter bond was dissolved within a year and a half by death, the former a little later by difference of opinion. The church and the girl wife barely intrude in this chronicle of a soul. The church one can spare; one craves something more about that sensitive creature whose large eyes still look so understandingly at you from a portrait by an unknown artist. Waldo wrote to her a considerable amount of manly, if uninspired verse. His reverence for her is more than once adequately expressed, the stateliness with which he writes of her death has its poignancy also; but, in the main, her impress on the journals is as slight as that of a wandering star which trails down the evening heavens and disappears. Was Emerson fundamentally cold, as he so many times confesses himself to be, or are there depths of blessedness that want no transcription from life into letters? One would be glad of Ellen Tucker's answer to these questions, but since she never would have given it, we are bound to concede to the young bridegroom and philosopher the benefit of every doubt.

In any case, in the pulpit of the Old North and in chivalrous ministrations to the frail girl he loved, Emerson at last proved his capacity for life. The journals are silent as to the stages of this essential work of consolidation. One sees only the results of a quite routine social service, and of the self-abnegation implied in love. The romantic period of probation and bitter hesitation is past and the sage emerges. The conviction of a literary vocation which had glorified the undergraduate years returns as a sober purpose. In the journals of the late twenties and early thirties, we constantly find the golden streaks of prose and poesy that were later to be run into the ingots of his published works. Already a discerning person might have said of him what he himself writes of Coleridge.

> He has a tone a little lower than greatness—but what a living soul, what a universal knowledge! I like to encounter these citizens of the universe, that believe the mind was to be spectator of all, inquisitor of all, and whose philosophy compares with others much as astronomy with the other sciences; taking post at the centre and, as from a specular mount, sending sovereign glances to the circumference of things.

From the "specular mount" which the young widower occupied in Chardon Street glimpses of a promised land were already appearing. Notable reinforcement was coming to the sage of the New World from the seats of antique wisdom.

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Some time in the year 1830, he read Carlyle's translation of "Wilhelm Meister." The bond with the church was insensibly loosening. The memorable *Wanderjahr* in Europe was already in mind. We may leave Emerson, no longer young at twenty-nine, with a prophetic entry on Carlyle, dated October 1, 1832:

> I am cheered and instructed by this paper on Corn Law Rhymes in the *Edinburgh* by my Germanick new-light writer, whoever he may be. He gives us confidence in our principles. He assures the truth-lover, everywhere of sympathy. Blessed art that makes books, and so joins me to that stranger by this perfect railroad.

CURRENT FICTION.

Candles in the Wind. By Maud Diver. New York: John Lane Co.

This novel is the completion of a trilogy in which Mrs. Diver has striven to represent the problems and the heroism of Anglo-Indian life. The spectacle of quiet courage wrestling with the White Man's Burden is one that cannot fail to touch the imagination and stir the heart of all whose forefathers have in the past done battle with the wilderness, and whose children may in turn go forth to a similar struggle. In embarking upon so ambitious a treatment of this theme, Mrs. Diver challenges comparison with such writers as Kipling and Flora Annie Steele, and shows herself well able to bear the test. She chooses as her field the more feminine but no less stern problems of domestic life, and handles them with decision and delicacy, though with perhaps a shade too much of idealism. The dominant motive of "Candles in the Wind" is the danger of inter-racial marriage—that sore of Anglo-Indian life which Kipling has touched with the keen unhealing scalpel of an Ibsen. Mrs. Diver also presents it merely as a diagnostician; there is no remedy in her pharmacopeia.

Dr. Videlle is the son of a Scotch tea-planter and a Hindu wife, and while on leave in England has swept into marriage by the power of his own passion a girl of fine instincts and sensitive fibre, who mistakes her own half-pitying compliance for love. Videlle has deliberately deceived Lyndsay on the subject of his parentage, and when she discovers the truth upon their arrival in India, the bitterness of disillusion is increased for her by the very material pest of an impossible half-sister, child of the Hindu mother and an Eurasian second husband, whose presence in the Videlle household is taken for granted as necessary. James Videlle replies to his wife's protest with "It's—it's *dastur*"—custom—and she recognizes that he is sufficiently Asiatic to find that reason unanswerable. The sister's coarseness, jealousy, and spite widen the growing breach between husband and wife. The birth of a child betters the situation only temporarily, for Lyndsay is harrowed afresh to find that the little fruit of her hopes, being a daughter, seems to her husband only a disappointment. The tension reaches the snapping-point with the explosion of Videlle's frantic jealousy of Alan Laurence, an English gentleman, silently and hopelessly in love with Lyndsay.

The author has lavished care upon the depiction of the principal figures, but it is the minor characters that make the strongest appeal to the reader. It would be hard, for instance, to forget the incident that opens the book—the native road-builders convinced that the stability of the road is due to their propitiatory sacrifice and *poojah* to the god of the mountain, and not to the Englishman's foolishness in the matter of brush-work foundations. For those who have followed the fortunes of Desmond and Honor in "Captain Desmond" and of Quita and Lenox in "The Great Amulet," it is pleasant to find these old acquaintances playing a part in the present drama. Some of the descriptions of war, notably the capture of Fort Nilt, are done with a virile breadth that agreeably relieves the somewhat strained sentiment of the greater part of the book.

The House of the Whispering Pines. By Anna Katharine Green. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"A rambling, old country house, surrounded by pines; enter a man at midnight, believing it deserted; he sees a beautiful girl come down the stairs and depart; upstairs, he finds her sister, his fiancée, strangled; as he bends over the lifeless body, enter the police, summoned by a mysterious call; he is arrested"—so far the publisher's advertisement, which tells as much of the plot as any wise reader will care to know.

It is not a perfect detective story, perhaps not even the best of Mrs. Green's. The part of the detective proper, which, by all the rules of the game, ought to be the most important, is slight and not very interesting. The final climax is, indeed, a surprise, but attains that end by lugging in an agent who has hitherto been virtually out of the play: this is to practise an illegitimate trick on the reader, who has a right to expect that the author should set her wit against his by cunningly devising probabilities, not by a *deus ex machina*. On the other hand, the preliminary climax—for there are two distinct revelations, the first only adding to the final mystery—is forstalled by an injudicious, and quite inartistic, frontispiece, which tells the reader too clearly what he is to expect. Despite these blemishes, the plot is extraordinarily clever and is grewsome just to the right point. The characters, with the exception of the detective who is on the scene only part of the time, are individualized far beyond what one expects in a detective story, and their traits are not extraneous to the events, but essential to them. The love motive, which is usually a sheer nuisance in this *genre* of fiction, is in itself interesting and is an integral part of the plot. It is a book to read.

Mary Cary. By Kate Langley Bosher. New York: Harper & Bros.

This is the story of an orphan who comes at last after many years of dreary asylum life to the love of kindred and the comfort of a "home with a little h"—that sanctuary so desired by Timothy of the Quest. Mary Cary—"frequently Martha"—involves in her own story the romance of her beloved Miss Katharine, and it is her courageous interference in the impeded course of true love, that brings about the happy ending. The book is wholesome and entertaining, but the effect is marred by the form in which the story is cast—that of Mary's diary. The quaint and quotable sayings are far too mature in their point of view and expression for a child of eleven, even so remarkable a child as Mary; and what would have seemed natural and delightful as the utterance of an older person strikes a jarring note. It is more the speech of a shrewd, though unschooled adult, than of a precocious child. Mary, as she is represented, is one of those children rarely possible in nature, never in nature's black and white garb of print. One may, however, accept joyfully and uncritically such pithy sayings as that of the really childish Sarah Sue: "Father is just my father by marriage, but mother's my mother by bornation. I think mothers ought always to have the most."

The Fortune Hunter. By Louis Joseph Vance. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

In commenting the other day on Mr. Vance's latest invention, "The Pool of Flame," we noted his confession of ability to invent local color of a verisimilitude to deceive the native without pain of sojourn or even travel in foreign parts. From the evidence of "The Fortune Hunter," we should judge it safer for him to dispatch his fancy as far afield as possible. It may disport itself more plausibly (to the American reader of romance) in Calcutta or Morocco than in the Pennsylvania village which is the scene of its present activity. The feeble conventionality of the rustic scenes and characters here portrayed is doubtless due in part to the tale's derivation. If not precisely a "novelized" play, the plot is confessedly "taken from the comedy of the same title," by Winchell Smith. It cannot be said that the story-teller has been successful

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in his attempt "to tell the story as though it had occurred to the writer as material for a novel, rather than for the stage." As is common with adaptations of this kind, the creak of the theatrical machinery is plainly audible above the studied monotone of the narrator.

The borrowed idea is amusing. A young New Yorker of good birth and luxurious upbringing has been thrown upon his own resources. Various business openings are found for him by a college friend, but he can make nothing of them. The friend, a thriving broker, has one more suggestion of a way to make a million in a year. The scheme is simple. "Think of the country heiresses," cries its promoter, "with plenty of money for two, pining away, . . . hundreds of them, fine, straight girls, girls you could easily fall in love with, sighing their lives away for the lack of the likes of you." The experiment is made, with perfect success; but, of course, the hero does not marry the country heiress, or he would cease to be the hero. The problem is to have him marry the poor girl of his heart without remanding him to poverty: a problem which an experienced spinner of yarns like Mr. Vance could have no sort of difficulty in solving.

ONE OF INDIA'S RELIGIONS.

The Sikh Religion: Its Gurus, Sacred Writings, and Authors. By Max Arthur Macauliffe. Six volumes. New York: Henry Frowde. $19.25.

More than thirty years ago, the Sikh religion was studied at first hand, the most important documents relating to and incorporating its tenets were translated, and the result of many years' study on the part of a patient German scholar was published under the title "Ādigranth, or The Holy Scriptures of the Sikhs." It is with some surprise, therefore, that one opens Mr. Macauliffe's "Sikh Religion," and reads the first sentence of the author's preface: "I bring from the East what is practically an unknown religion."

It is true that Trumpp's translation of the "Ādigranth" left untouched many texts, which the writer did not care to translate, and that his translation, like all first attempts, left much to be improved. But for all that, Dr. Ernest Trumpp, and not Max Arthur Macauliffe, is the man who first brought from the East the records of what, at that time, despite the work of still earlier investigators, was "practically an unknown religion." Nor does this new translation really add very much to our comprehension of that religion as a whole, not enough to alter materially our estimate of its character or of its originality. In fact, in some particulars, Trumpp gives a clearer sense of the attitude of the Sikhs toward the religious environment of the founders than does Macauliffe, notably, where Trumpp retains Hari (the name of Vishnu-Krishna) as the designation of the Supreme Being, which in Macauliffe appears as "God." Some of Nānak's sayings, in both versions, will show how truly the essence of the matter was given by the scholar whom Mr. Macauliffe barely mentions, and mentions only to depreciate. Thus, from the "Japji":

> True is the Lord, of a true name, in language his love is infinite. If they speak and ask, he gives, he gives, the Liberal bestows gifts. What shall be placed before (him), by means of which his court may be seen? What speech shall be uttered by the mouth, which having heard he may bestow love? (Trumpp).
>
> There is the Lord, true is His name; it is uttered with endless love [also translated: His attributes are described in endless languages]. (People) pray and beg, Give us, give us; the Giver giveth His gifts. Then what can we offer Him whereby His court may be seen? What words shall we utter with our lips, on hearing which He may love us? (Macauliffe).

Again, from the "Sohila":

> Thousands are thy eyes, and (yet) thou hast no eye; thousands are thy forms, and (yet) thou hast not one. (Trumpp).
>
> Thou hast a thousand eyes and yet not one eye; thou hast a thousand forms and yet not one form. (Macauliffe).

There are many infelicities in Trumpp's translation, due partly to its English dress, and also many inaccuracies, due in great part to its being a first attempt; but to stigmatize it as "generally inaccurate" is a gross exaggeration. Trumpp published in English his "Ādi-Granth" in 1877 and his shorter sketch in German, "Die Religion der Sikhs," in 1881. Both of these works contain histories of the Gurus or pontiffs (literally "venerable teachers") of the Sikh sect, which was one of many reforming sects current in India in the fifteenth century. It harks back to Kabir and the reformers of the South, whose doctrines soon became current all over India. The new history of Mr. Macauliffe does not essentially change the data presented in these earlier histories. According to both historians, Nānak, the son of a farmer and the founder of the sect, was born near Lahore in the Punjab in 1469. He saw visions, was regarded as a lunatic, had an interview with God, was appointed God's prophet on earth, and founded the long line of pontiffs of the Sikhs, who under Govind (the tenth pontiff, died in 1708) were converted into a formidable military organization. The first scholar of this line of peasants was the fifth pontiff (Arjun, died in 1606), who compiled the Granth, or bible of the sect, from the reputed sayings of Nānak and others. The religion contributed not a single new idea to Hindu thought. There was nothing in it that had not been familiar to Brahman and Buddhist for a thousand years or more. It insisted upon real religious feeling as a substitute for formality and idolatrous worship; but so did the older Hindus. It added emphasis to the oneness of God; but in this it aped the Mohammedans, its leaders being too ignorant to go further back and find the unity of the godhead in the native scriptures of India. Mr. Macauliffe seems to imagine that Sikh thought was in itself really important, that it gave out something new; he even proclaims that the first Guru (teacher) had a higher ethical ideal than either Hindu or Mohammedan was capable of attaining. In this respect Mr. Macauliffe's further lack of insight is shown, when he asserts that the Sikh religion was "totally unaffected" by Semitic influences. A religion which consigns sinful souls to the care of "Azrael," which includes in its canon the writings of at least two Mohammedan saints, and which Mohammedanism surrounded from its inception, cannot be so independent as Mr. Macauliffe would have us believe. As for originality, in respect of Hindu thought, Trumpp made a correct estimate of the Sikh teaching, when he said: "The chief point in Nānak's teaching was the unity of the Supreme Being, though this was nothing new to the Hindus." The exaltation of the Guru, or teacher, to the place of pope, the fact that salvation depends on the Guru, that the Guru has a magical power, that divine wisdom is mysterious, that, to whisper this mystery into his ear is about the only instruction given to the pupil—all this accounts for the degradation of the religion, as much as does the outer environment.

From a philosophical point of view, the hymns and epigrams of the later pontiffs are of no importance. But from the historical standpoint, there is real value in the complete collection here brought together. The lives of the pontiffs also deserved to be written in full and it was a happy thought to imitate Trumpp and get all the assistance attainable from the few native scholars capable of helping a European in any matter of scholarship. Considering that Mr. Macauliffe is not a trained scholar, and that he was engaged in official business till it occurred to him to become the historian of the Sikhs, we cannot but applaud his courage in undertaking so scholarly a work. Moreover, although his historical sense is weak, he has added materially to what had previously been done, and, as a real contributor to our knowledge of Sikh literature, deserves considerable praise. In these six volumes the reader may peruse the lives and writings of the Sikh pontiffs and their immediate predecessors, with the assurance that both history and translation are at last as accurate as they probably ever will be. The introductory study of the life of each Guru presents new matter, and the translation

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generally improves on that of Trumpp (where it follows the same text), besides adding a noteworthy body of material expressly ignored by Trumpp, because he did not think it worth translating. As an official in the Punjab, the author had an exceptional opportunity to make the preliminary studies necessary to the undertaking here happily completed and he has done well what he set out to do. It is a pity, however, that the latter sects were not treated more fully. Here there is a lack still to be adequately supplied. It is also to be regretted that Mr. Macauliffe has not shown a more just, as well as more generous, appreciation of what others have done.

The Cambridge History of English Literature. Edited by A. W. Ward and A. R. Waller. Vol. IV: Prose and Poetry; Sir Thomas North to Michael Drayton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

The interest of such a work as this history of English literature is bound to fluctuate with the nature of the material which is dealt with in the successive volumes, and, as it happens, the material which the present volume embraces is, taken as a whole, not of the most interesting character. There are some notable exceptions, of course—Raleigh, Bacon, Donne, Burton, and the Authorized Version of the Bible—but the great names, for the most part, belong to other volumes. Sidney and Spenser are behind us, Shakespeare and the whole starry host of the Elizabethan dramatists are still to come. The best poetry included in the present volume, being lyrical, is the most difficult to make interesting in a critical exposition. In addition, it must be confessed that, with the exception of Mr. Whibley's treatment of the Elizabethan translations, there is singularly little distinction of style in the various chapters. This accords with the paucity of eminent names among the contributors; but, after all, we fear that it is the fault of our generation rather than of the editors that, despite the competence in scholarship which they may justly claim for their collaborators, there should be so little of the *vis viva* of literary criticism in most of the chapters that deal with literature, pure and simple. One feels that the generation which produced the first series of Morley's "Men of Letters" would have made a better showing in this respect, if indeed it is conceivable that so distinguished a band of critics (of whom, to be sure, a few are still active) would have submitted themselves to the yoke of science in the form of an enterprise like the present one. In any event, some of the best chapters in the volume before us—for example, Archdeacon Cunningham's on Early Writings on Politics and Economics, H. G. Aldis's on The Book-Trade, 1557-1625, and J. Bass Mullinger's on The Foundation of Libraries—deal with matters which, though of great importance, are merely subsidiary to literature, properly speaking.

Of the four authors to whom separate chapters are devoted, viz., Raleigh, Campion, Drayton, and Donne, the last-named has been the most fortunate in his critic, Prof. H. J. C. Grierson of the University of Aberdeen. Mr. Grierson has given us an adequate picture of this original and complex personality, and he has indicated very justly the influences which entered into his genius. We miss, however, any comment (except in the case of the satires) on the peculiar rhythms of Donne's verse which have been so subtly characterized of recent years on this side of the ocean by Prof. H. M. Belden. Neither can we share in the author's apparent admiration for Donne's letters, which strike us as among the most unreadable compositions that ever came from the pen of a great author. On the other hand, the letters of his friend, Sir Henry Wotton, the earliest in our language, as it seems to us, that possess literary charm, are passed over in silence in this history.

Prof. Albert S. Cook, the only American contributor to the present volume, has written interestingly of the early translations of the Bible, and especially of the Authorized Version and its influence. It seems an indiscriminate criticism, however, which in a characterization of the Bible makes no distinction between the Old and the New Testament. There is surely an enormous difference between the two. Vast, moreover, as the influence of the Bible has been in the sphere of morals, it is an exaggeration from the purely literary point of view to speak of it as "possessing a universality which has placed it at the foundation, or the head, or both, of all modern literatures." This might much more truly be said of the literature of Greece. Professor Cook discusses satisfactorily the nature of the influence which the Authorized Version has exercised on subsequent English literature, but his conclusion from the limited vocabulary of the Bible as compared with Shakespeare's abundance, viz., that "the capacities of words, especially of the simpler words, are much greater than is believed by those who use a large and heterogeneous vocabulary" seems beside the mark. The greater complexity of the civilization which Shakespeare's plays reflect and the immense variety of subjects which he wrote about, of human facts and relations that he touched upon, as Professor Jespersen has reminded us, will account for the difference. It strikes, us, too, as hardly fair to Shakespeare when Professor Cook contrasts to his disadvantage the praise of man in "Hamlet," Act ii, Scene 2—"What a piece of work is a man!" etc.—with the famous passage in the Eighth Psalm, "What is man that thou art mindful of him," etc. In the first place, the latter is hardly genuine prose. The Hebrew original is a lyric and the lyrical rhythm in the English translation is unmistakable and an important element in its beauty. Furthermore, the prevailing quality of the passage from the Psalm is sublimity, for which there is no place in Hamlet's speech. Indeed, it is the adoration of God's omnipotence even more than the exaltation of man that finds its expression in the words of the Hebrew poet. And in addition to all this we must take into account, as Professor Cook himself acknowledges, the dramatic fitness of the passage in "Hamlet."

Some of the more important authors find competent treatment in chapters which deal with various branches of literature—Burton in a chapter by Edward Bensly, which also includes the Latin writers, Barclay and Owen; Bacon in the chapter on the Beginnings of English Philosophy, by W. R. Sorley; Nash, Greene, and Dekker (as prose-writers) in one on Popular Literature by H. V. Routh. There are, besides, chapters which add greatly to the usefulness of the work as a book of reference, viz., The English Pulpit, by F. E. Hutchinson, Writers on Country Pursuits and Pastimes by H. G. Aldis, and Literature of the Sea and Seafaring and Travel by C. N. Robinson, R.N., and John Leyland. The very ample bibliography at the end of the volume is not the least valuable part of it.

The editors announce that Vols. V and VI will deal with the English Drama down to 1642, and Vol. VII with non-dramatic literature, mainly of the period between 1625 and 1660. The last-named volume is to appear before the end of the year.

The Decay of the Church of Rome. By Joseph McCabe. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50.

Dr. McCabe, a former Catholic and member of the Franciscan Order, is known already for more than one sharp attack on the church of his youth. The present volume is an elaborate statistical study in demonstration of the thesis that "instead of showing signs of increase the Church of Rome is rapidly decaying, and only a dramatic change of its whole character can save it from ruin." The author claims to be entirely unprejudiced in his treatment of the matter, but neither his past relations with the Catholic Church nor the book itself inspires confidence in his freedom from bias. Such statements as the following reveal his general attitude:

Catholic countries are disappearing from the map of the world (p. 13).

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A day will come when historians will wonder how the Vatican ever acquired a reputation for statesmanship. In the small momentary ruses of diplomacy it has usually been able to command the services of skilful men, but its whole management of the Latin races has been devoid of any large statesmanship (p. 12).

Contrary to a widespread conviction, there has been no progress made by the Roman Church during the nineteenth century in any normally educated portion of the English-speaking world (p. 194).

This rapid survey will show the reader at once that the terrible figure of 120,000,000 illiterates in a total of 190,000,000—a figure that, of course, I have obtained by careful analysis—is in reality a very moderate one. It means, in plain English, that the majority of the Roman Catholics of the world to-day consist of American Indians, half-castes, negroes, and mulattoes; Italian, Spanish, Russian, and Slavonic peasants of the most backward character; and Indian, Indo-Chinese, and African natives. These make up much more than half of the whole. Further, the great bulk of the remainder are the peasants and poor workers of Germany, Austria, France, Belgium, and Ireland. . . . When we note the extraordinary impotence of Catholicism in the great cities of Europe; when we learn in country after country, that the middle class forsook it a generation ago, and the artisans are abandoning it to-day; when we find its authority rejected almost in proportion as a nation is touched with culture; and when we see that its larger tracts of unchallenged authority so constantly correspond with the darker areas in the cultural map of the world—we see that its power rests largely on a basis that is directly and triumphantly challenged by the modern spirit—a basis of ignorance (p. 305).

That the figures of the book differ so widely from those ordinarily given by statisticians both Catholic and Protestant is explained by such a passage as the following, which shows how the author ventures to go behind the official returns:

But I decline to regard as a Catholic one who never goes to mass or Easter communion, or who habitually supports political parties that are sternly condemned by, and openly hostile to, the Church. Where there is obviously neither belief nor obedience to commands that, on the most familiar Catholic principles, bind under pain of eternal damnation, I do not see how a census declaration that one is a Roman Catholic can be taken seriously (p. 301).

Of course, any study based upon such a method of computation is liable to large error, and from the same figures many others, even Protestants, would draw vastly different conclusions. Not a few of the facts given and some of the results reached are indisputable, even though surprising to any one who has not already looked somewhat carefully into the matter. That the Roman Catholic Church has been losing ground in other countries as well as in France during recent decades, and that the authorities of the church are themselves alive to the fact, cannot be doubted. But the situation is by no means so serious as this book represents it. A similar method applied to Protestantism would in many cases lead to similar results. Lukewarmness toward the church, or even open hostility to it on the part of large sections of the population, is no sign of a speedy dissolution, as history has abundantly shown. It is easy to predict imminent disaster, but those who so prophesy know little of the reserve force and recuperative power of Christianity, whether Protestant or Catholic.

Sir Henry Vane, Jr., Governor of Massachusetts, and Friend of Roger Williams and Rhode Island. By Henry Melville King. Providence, R. I.: Preston & Rounds Co. $1.25 net.

The memorable friendship between two great leaders in the cause of political and spiritual freedom finds here a worthy setting forth. Few men of the seventeenth century are better worth remembering, and Dr. King does a service in showing how they helped each other, culling out from the stormy career of each champion the facts bearing upon their mutual relations, and including them in a little book by themselves. He addresses especially Rhode Islanders; speaker and audience being, of course, imbued with the Rhode Island tradition, which has been held most tenaciously in every generation. The calm and tolerant William Bradford of Plymouth characterized Roger Williams as "a man godly and zealous, having many precious parts, but very unsettled in judgment." Your true Rhode Islander, and Dr. King is one, admits no shortcoming in his saint, nor would Dr. King's special audience take kindly to any such suggestion. But outsiders must be pardoned for deferring much to Bradford, who basked under the immediate effluence of the halo, and for believing, while greatly admiring Roger Williams, that his unsettled judgment, combined with his extraordinary force, made him in trying times an uncomfortable, not to say dangerous, neighbor. As the saint was impeccable, so in Dr. King's view was the saint's friend. Dr. King appears to believe that Vane at the outset, in Massachusetts, though scarcely out of boyhood, was yet a character fully formed; that he was an Independent in religion, a republican in politics, an out-and-out champion of freedom of conscience; that he received no impress from the strong men by whom he was surrounded; that in his later career his course was invariably wise. Dr. King seems to adopt Wendell Phillips's conception, that, while for other men we are obliged to walk backward, casting a mantle over their infirmities, and saying "Remember the temptation and the age," Vane never fell below the highest standard. We think it would be truer to say that Vane in Massachusetts was quite unformed. Religiously he showed small trace of the fanaticism which in later life carried him to unintelligible lengths; and as regards tolerance, while his utterance in the controversy with Winthrop is indeed noteworthy, it is obscure and hesitating as compared with later declarations. In politics, it cannot be shown that Vane stood on republican ground till after 1648, after the rank and file of the Ironsides had made their stout push for sovereignty of the people.

In Massachusetts he stood for the authority of the King. This appears in his controversy with Winthrop, as well as in his course against the zealots who cut the cross out of the royal ensign. He had the ensign unfurled at the Castle. He accepted knighthood and preferment from the King, sullenly we grant; but "root and branch" man though he soon became, it was long before he dropped allegiance to the ancient triple-pillared polity of England: King, lords, and Commons. With Pym and Hampden, in the first years of the Long Parliament, he stood for a proper balance there against the danger of an overweight in the royal prerogative. The radical programme was some years in the future.

Is Vane's "ermine" quite so "spotless" as has been claimed? Milton calls him skilful

> . . . to unfold
> The drift of hollow states hard to be spelled.

He was matchless in unearthing the plots of foreign foes and secret enemies at home, and it is hard to see that he did not sometimes fight the devil with his own fire here. His course in the movement which finally brought Strafford to the block ought, we think, to give pause to those who claim for him the finest sense of honor. The negotiation of the Solemn League and Covenant, which brought the Scots, in 1643, to help the perishing cause of the Houses, was a masterpiece of astuteness; but the Scots loudly declared they had been "cozened," a cry which the Cavaliers reëchoed. They were Vane's enemies, no doubt deserving little sympathy, but will the careful modern reader say that this transaction was thoroughly fair and above board? Does not the subtlety in the engineering of the Self-Denying Ordinance savor overmuch of the wisdom of the serpent? With all due respect for Wendell Phillips, we think we are sometimes obliged, in Vane's case to say: "Remember the temptation and the age." The stress was great, treachery was to be met, the spirit of Machiavelli pervaded the statesmanship of the time. We hold that Vane did not come out of that bat-

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tle without some taint in his garments of the infernal smoke.

Dr. King's book is interesting, and it is well to have emphasis put on Vane's share in promoting the welfare of early Rhode Island. The heroes in Dr. King's foreground were men of rare power and high purpose, but with all their gifts and virtues only human instruments.

The Disappearance of the Small Landowner. Ford Lectures, 1909. By Arthur H. Johnson. New York: Henry Frowde. $1.75.

The striking fact about rural England, as has been proclaimed in shrill accents many a time during the past weeks, is the concentration of the land in a few hands. Careful estimates based on the new Domesday Book of 1876—and there have not been great changes since then—indicate that in England there are only about 260,000 persons who hold land from one acre upwards, whereas in France, with a population only one-third larger, there are some 5,600,000 landed proprietors. In the Ford Lectures for 1909 Arthur H. Johnson took up this question of the disappearance in England of the small landowners, and sought to explain how and when this remarkable divergence between England and France took place. Though the lectures as printed form but a thin volume, they give a good summary of the most recent literature dealing with English agrarian conditions from the thirteenth century to the present day. The author has not depended, however, by any means on secondary authorities, but bases many of his conclusions upon his own investigations both in the contemporary literature of the various periods and in the statistical material to be found in the Tudor and Stuart Surveys and in the Land Tax Assessments for the period since 1750. He is almost the first investigator to call attention to the historical importance of these Land Tax Assessments. From them he says we can learn whether farms were being consolidated or whether they were being broken up into smaller ones, whether the numbers of owners wax or wane. We can trace the building up of large estates and their dispersion.

The more important of his conclusions deserve to be stated. He thinks the influence of primogeniture and the law of entails, so often alleged as a cause of the growth of large estates, has been enormously exaggerated. He thinks, likewise, that historians have laid too much weight upon the agrarian effects of the Black Death, and paid relatively too little attention to the dislocating and social effects of the increasing trade and industry and spirit of competition and capitalism of the fifteenth century. He believes Professor Gay has gone too far in minimizing the extent of enclosures from 1450 to 1600. But the period that was most fatal to the small landowner, owing to a variety of causes which the author analyzes, was from the close of the seventeenth to the middle of the eighteenth century, the period of the final transition from mediæval to modern agricultural conditions. On the evidence from the Land Tax Assessments he thinks the changes due to enclosure and consolidation since 1750 are not so radical as they have generally been supposed to be.

While at points the author's conclusions seem to lack full convincing evidence (notably in the generalizations in the last chapter in regard to continental analogies), the little volume on the whole is sound and a valuable corrective to many current notions on English agrarian conditions.

Notes.

Henry Holt & Co. announce that De Alva S. Alexander has undertaken a fourth volume of his "Political History of the State of New York," the third volume of which brought the narrative down to Cleveland's election as Governor of the State in 1882.

The Houghton Mifflin Co. has the following books on its spring and summer list: Fiction—"The Duke's Price," by Demetra and Kenneth Brown; "The Right Stuff," by Ian Hay; "The Twisted Foot," by Henry Milner Rideout; "An Army Mule," by Charles Miner Thompson; "The Godparents," by Grace Sartwell Mason; "Country Neighbors," by Alice Brown; "The Royal Americans," by Mary Hallock Foote; "The Professional Aunt," by Mary C. E. Wemyss; "Little Brother o' Dreams," by Elaine Goodale Eastman; "John Forsyth's Aunts," by Eliza Orne White. For children—"Flutterfly," by Clara Louise Burnham. Drama—"Husband and the Forbidden Guests," by John Corbin. Outdoor books—"Sport and Travel in the Far East," by J. C. Grew; "Wilderness Pets," by Edward Breck; "Swimming," by Edwin Tenney Brewster; "Notes on New England Birds," by Henry D. Thoreau; "Little Gardens for Boys and Girls," by Myrta M. Higgins. Present-day topics—"Personal Power," by William Jewett Tucker; "The Health of the City," by Hollis Godfrey; "The Conquest of Consumption," by Woods Hutchinson, M.D.; "Every-Day Business for Women," by Mary A. Wilbur; "Wool-Growing and the Tariff," by Chester W. Wright; "Copyright: Its History and Law," by Richard Rogers Bowker. Essays and literature—"Essays on the Spot," by Charles D. Stewart; "At the Sign of the Hobby-Horse," by Elizabeth Bisland Wetmore; "An Approach to Walt Whitman," by Carleton Noyes; "Letters to My Son" (anonymous); "A Study of the Drama," by Brander Matthews; "English Literature in Account with Religion," by Edward M. Chapman. Biography and history—"The Life of Mary Lyon," by Beth Bradford Gilchrist; "My Friend the Indian," by James McLaughlin; "Colonial Mobile," by Peter J. Hamilton. Travel—"The Russian Road to China," by Lindon Bates, jr.; "1910 Satchel Guide to Europe," by W. J. Rolfe. For the bride-to-be—"Her Book," by Mabel M. Swan. Philosophy and religion—"The Principles of Pragmatism," by H. Heath Bawden; "The Earliest Sources for the Life of Jesus," by Francis Crawford Burkitt; "Paul and Paulinism," by James Moffat; "The Church and Labor," by Charles Stelzle. Poetry—"Complete Poems of Richard Watson Gilder"; "Poems of Belief," by Theodore C. Williams. Riverside Press editions—"A Poet in Exile," being some early letters of John Hay; "Pan's Pipes," by Robert Louis Stevenson. Educational—"American Education," by Andrew S. Draper; "The Principles of Education," by William C. Ruediger; "The First Book of Stories for the Story-Teller," by Fanny E. Coe; "European Hero Stories," by Eva March Tappan; "The British Isles," by Everett T. Tomlinson; "Little-Folk Lyrics," by Frank Dempster Sherman; "Old Ballads in Prose," by Eva March Tappan; "The Basket Woman Stories," by Mary Austin; "Everyman, The Second Shepherd's Play, and Other Miracle and Folk Plays," edited by Clarence Griffin Child, professor of English in the University of Pennsylvania; Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford," edited, with complete introduction, notes, questions, and suggestions, by H. E. Coblentz; "A Translation of the Æneid of Virgil," by Theodore C. Williams, formerly head master of the Roxbury Latin School; "Selections from Irving's Bracebridge Hall," edited by Samuel Thurber; Thoreau's "Walden," edited by Francis H. Allen.

Little, Brown & Co. announce the following spring publications: "Passers-By," by Anthony Partridge; "The Up Grade," by Wilder Goodwin; "The Snare of Circumstance," by Edith E. Buckley; "The Illustrious Prince," by E. Phillips Oppenheim; "Over the Quicksands," by Anna Chapin Ray; "The Red House on Rowan Street," by Roman Doubleday; "The Pursuit," by Frank Saville; "An American Baby Abroad; How He Played Cupid to a Kentucky Beauty," by Mrs. Charles N. Crewdson; "The Red Symbol," by John Ironside; "Just Between Themselves," by Anne Warner; "The Garden and Its Accessories," by Loring Underwood; "Play: Games for the Kindergarten, Playground, School Room, and College," by Emmet Dunn Angell; "Caleb Trench," by Mary Imlay Taylor; "The Dominion of New Zealand," by Sir Arthur P. Douglas; "The Works of Charles Dickens," Centenary Edition, complete in 30 volumes, 12mo, uniform in size with the Centenary Edition of Balzac; New Editions of the Works of Selma Lagerlöf (winner of the Nobel literary prize of $40,000): "The Story of Gösta Berling," "Invisible Links," and "The Miracles of Anti-Christ"; "Red Horse Hill," by Sidney McCall; "Redney McGaw," by Arthur E. McFarlane.

The *International Bibliographer*, a monthly magazine, to be edited by Dr. George Eller, will make its first appearance in April. In scope it will include the principal publications of Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, and other countries. It is to be published by Erskine MacDonald of Surrey Street, Strand, London..

Sir Horace Plunkett's articles in the *Outlook* on the conservation policy in general and American farming in particular combine breadth with accuracy of view. The

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writer is not only intimately familiar with conditions in this country, but has a wealth of experence to draw upon from his labors during many years for the improvement of agriculture in Ireland. The title of his last article, "Better Farming, Better Business, Better Living," suggests the scope of his contention. It is, in brief, that farming in the United States has been far too crude and exhaustive of the soil, and that the advance towards more scientific methods now made, with the assistance of the Department of Agriculture, ought to be accompanied by great changes in farming regarded as a business. Sir Horace points out the unused opportunities for coöperation in marketing products, and shows how far behind the Irish and the Continentals are our American farmers in this respect. His plea is as finely intelligent as it is ideal, and is a valuable contribution to the whole discussion.

Some things have changed, and changed for the better, since Gideon Welles set down in his diary—as appears in the March *Atlantic*—the following entry under date of October 13, 1865:

Stanton took occasion before the President came in to have a fling at my circular against party assessments, which seems to annoy him. I told him the principles and rule laid down in that circular were correct; that the idea, which he advocated, of a tax upon employees and officeholders, was pernicious and dangerous, and if permitted to go on would carry the country to the Devil. Stanton said he then wished to go to the Devil with it, that he believed in taxing officeholders for party purposes, compelling them to pay money to support the Administration which appointed them. Weed and Raymond are in this thing, and mad with me.

Secretary Welles was in advance of his time; and Henry J. Raymond, one of the most accomplished of American journalists, was simply with the crowd when he stood by the old war-horse Stanton and that seasoned veteran of politics, Thurlow Weed, in favor of the backsheesh idea of public service. It is well to be reminded, once in a while, in so specific a way, of the vital necessity that existed for civil service reform, of the radical change that it brought about in time to keep the country from "going to the Devil," and of the lonesome work that a few men had to do for about fifteen years before they got a lodgment for the reform in the statute books of the nation.

The Harpers have begun to publish a pocket-size thin-paper edition of Thomas Hardy's novels. 'The Return of the Native," often considered the most powerful of Hardy's stories, has already appeared, and "Jude the Obscure" is soon to follow. In the volume we have received the ink is somewhat pale and the printing occasionally imperfect, defects which may well be corrected at once, for in size, type, and style of binding the books promise to be convenient and attractive.

To the growing literature of the short story, William J. Dawson and Coningsby W. Dawson, in collaboration, have contributed two volumes entitled "The Great English Short-Story Writers," published by Harpers as part of the Readers' Library. Vol. I contains thirteen specimens by authors born in or before 1850, none of them living, except Mark Twain, Thomas Hardy, and Henry James, and none of whom wrote before the nineteenth century, except De Foe, whose "Apparition of Mrs. Veal" is happily included. It also contains an introduction which with prodigious dexterity traces the "evolution" of the form in twenty-eight pages from the savage tale through the "Gesta Romanorum" to Poe. The preamble to Poe is about as "sequacious" and convincing as an account of the evolution of the New York politician, which should begin with Adam, leap to Elder Brewster, and end with Richard Croker. Vol. II contains thirteen specimens by living writers, and an introduction on the "modern short-story." Most of these selections are sufficiently interesting narrative material, but three of the longest—R. H. Davis's "The Exiles," Kipling's "The Man Who Would Be King," and Margaret Deland's "Unexpectedness of Mr. Shields"—grossly violate the laws of technique laid down in the introduction.

There would be no occasion to speak of the evasions and sophistries and extravagancies of the introduction, except for the fact that the book is intended for the unsophisticated, and for the additional fact that its most flagrant faults are constantly committed by other exponents of the *genre*. With boyish enthusiasm, the authors, ignoring Emerson, Coleridge, Victor Hugo, Balzac, Heine, Goethe, *et al.*, declare that Poe was "the highest and rarest genius not only of his nation, but of his age." On what grounds? Well, mainly, it should appear, because only Sir Conan Doyle is as ingenious as Poe; because Jules Verne was not his equal in adventure; and finally, as a clincher, because no one else whatever has been so horrible. But our authors are not concerned merely for the rank of Poe; they are bent upon the apotheosis of the short story. They manage it thus: having put Poe at the head of the age, they remark with quiet significance, "He found in it [the short-story], a sufficient vehicle for his genius"—as who should say, "the drama?—it was big enough for Shakespeare." Still the argument runs a little circular. They buttress it with a string of analogies like this: "A fine intaglio may be as great a work of art as a Grecian statue"—a position which is unassailable, if only the Grecian statue is worthless; but why not insert the word "fine" before the statue, as before the itaglio? All that their illustration comes to is this: A little thing perfected is better than a big thing spoiled; a sound canoe is more valuable for navigation than an ocean liner that will not float. Yet, upon such a base, they build this grave announcement: "Gradually men have come to see that a perfect short-story demands an art even more delicate and rare than a novel." Again, we ask, why not say a perfect novel? And if the talent for writing short stories is so rare and delicate, what shall we make of this: "America has not yet produced a novelist of the calibre of Dickens or Thackeray, or Meredith or Hardy: but it has produced a *host of short-story writers of incomparable excellence*" (our italics)? Dear saints, then we have a "host of writers" here in America with a talent more delicate and rare than that of Thackeray or Hardy? What shall we make of this: "Ambrose Bierce and Lloyd Osbourne . . . have done work [in the short-story] so admirable that it does not suffer greatly in comparison with that of the most famous writers"? What shall we make of this: "In no other country, except France, is it possible for a writer to make a reputation upon a single magazine story; but in America this has happened more than once"? It does not seem to have struck our authors that anything can be wrong with America. But is it not time to come to an end with this nonsense about the short-story?

Of "Labrador, the Country and the People" (Macmillan), about two-thirds were written by Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell and the rest by competent scientific specialists. "I am myself an optimist," says the chief author, and, he might have added, an enthusiast; and there can be no doubt that this optimistic ardor in his make-up is responsible for the great and blessed work which this remarkable man has accomplished in the bleak northland, and for the warm admiration, and even affection, which he has inspired even in those who have never set eyes upon him. Dr. Grenfell has made many efforts to interest the world in Labrador and its people, with the laudable ambition of furthering his ambitions there, but none so elaborate and, it is to be hoped, so efficacious as this book, which may be called a description of Labrador, geological, historical, ethnographical, physical, faunal, commercial, and social. Though written for the most part in popular style, it is very complete, some of the chapters, such as those on the Indians, by William B. Cabot, and the flora, by E. B. Delabarre; being especially thorough. The other scientific portions are also excellent. The volume, while making use of statistics only to a reasonable degree, contains about all that any inquirer needs to know. The compiler's intention has been to make it practical and informative, and it contains no sermons. Neither is Dr. Grenfell a sentimentalist, much less a mollycoddle. He is an enthusiastic though sportsmanlike and humane fisherman and hunter, and takes one occasion to poke fun at the tender-hearted lover of the mild-eyed seal, which eats its prey alive, and will often leave it to die a lingering death after taking a single bite out of it. Needless to say, Dr. Grenfell is a firm believer in the future of Labrador, in its eventual complete reclamation to the uses of mankind; for "the hand of man has grappled with harder problems than this presents." He draws comfort and conviction from the accomplishments of Burbank, from Newell's irrigation of the deserts of the West, from the damming of the Nile, and he looks forward to a blooming and a productive Labrador. The book is both interesting and inspiring. It is profusely illustrated and contains a good index.

James Brown Scott, who was American technical delegate at the second Peace Conference, follows up his two heavy volumes on the Conferences of 1899 and 1907 and the supplementary volume of texts, with a compilation of the addresses delivered at the second Conference by the American delegates, Mr. Choate, Gen. Porter, and the author. On the question of the establishment of a permanent court of arbitral justice, Mr. Choate spoke with admirable force and conviction. Mr. Scott drew up the report laid by the special examining commission before the plenary conference. If the court of arbitral justice came out of the Conference an elaborate mechanical scheme, completely without life, an august tribunal without judges, it was not the fault of our dele-

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gates, who did their best to appease the fears and prejudices of the small nations on whose opposition the plan was shipwrecked. The volume is published for the International School of Peace by Ginn & Co.

A new volume, the ninth, of the Calendars of Letter Books of the City of London, edited by Dr. R. R. Sharpe, Records Clerk to the Corporation, has recently been issued. It covers the period from 1400 to 1422, the reigns of Henry IV and Henry V, and, while less important than its immediate predecessor for the history of London, contains a valuable record of mediæval municipal life, chiefly social and economic in character. Dr. Sharpe has not printed in any of the volumes the Latin originals as they stand in the Letter Books, but has furnished a continuous digest in modern English, with the dates filled in throughout (a task of great difficulty), with short notes added, where needful, and with an admirable preface calling attention to the significance of the events recorded. In the period embraced by the volume the city underwent no such constitutional dissensions and changes as were met with in the previous volume, consequently the reader's attention is drawn rather to national than to municipal affairs—the renewal of the war with France, rebellion in Scotland and Wales, and the extinguishing of Lollardry. We are impressed with the large part played by the men of London in the affairs of the country, particularly such as concern the King and Parliament on the financial side, and are interested in one or two minor details contributory to precision in knowledge, such as the exact day and hour when Henry IV died—between seven and eight o'clock on the morning of March 20—a fact hitherto unknown to historians. Though Richard Whittington, thrice Mayor of London, appears frequently in these pages, very little is given that adds to our knowledge of this hero of childhood's romance.

"Esthetics" (Holt), by Kate Gordon, is a well-arranged college text-book, which deals chiefly with the principles of the several arts. It is written with spirit, and, with a few exceptions—Benedetto Croce's stimulating work has been overlooked—is quite abreast of modern research. For abridging the psychological introduction there may be sound pedagogical reasons, but, because the subjective bases of beauty are summarily treated, the foundation of the edifice is insecure. The author has a leaning towards those theories of motor participation which are characteristic of the French school, and of William James's analysis. She finds, with her master, Professor Dewey, that an emotion is essentially a consciousness of conflicting impulses which have been induced by bodily changes, but nowhere clearly discriminates æsthetic from non-æsthetic emotions. Here Croce's dogma that æsthetic expression is a necessary stage in intellection, the æsthetic moment being merely a suspension—a conscious lingering over what is usually a momentary and half-automatic experience—would have helped out her psychology. The succinct account of the principles of the arts is well done, though naturally much that is highly contentious is presented as if it were assured. The importance of the sense of similitude as the basis of artistic creation is exaggerated. A sense of differences is only less necessary. In the chapter on color one surmises some rather futile laboratory experiments. Except to a bull or a bullfrog, unapplied color has practically no æsthetic value, whatever laboratory subjects, under the need of saying something, may imply to the contrary. The art value of the epic is underestimated, on the warranty of Poe's dislike of the long poem. That certain artificial epics, or perhaps romances is the better word, are enjoyed only in spots, is possibly true. To fail to perceive the cumulative and slowly gathered force of the great traditional narratives argues a very modern and rather limited taste. A similar philistinism affects the treatment of the poetic drama. But one can understand how a young writer, who may never have heard a competent recitation of dramatic verse, should think that the poetry counts only in flagrant purple patches. Generally, this book is marked by sound scholarship and good sense. For classes or for unattached beginners it may safely be recommended.

"The Problem of Evil, a Criticism of the Augustinian Point of View," by Marion Le Roy Burton, president-elect of Smith College, is a careful and creditable piece of work upon a threadbare subject. It was written while Dr. Burton was still a graduate student, and its publication in book form calls for no extended notice. It is accurate and sound, but contributes nothing new or especially significant. (The Open Court Co.)

Dr. Louis Klopsch, proprietor and editor of the *Christian Herald*, and widely known as an organizer of famine relief funds, died in New York on March 7, at the age of fifty-seven. He was a native of Germany.

Dr. Gustav Liebermann, a Hebrew writer on theology, and a contributor of articles on literary topics to American and foreign magazines, died on February 28 in this city, at the Lebanon Hospital, of which he was a founder. He was born in Austria in 1854, graduated at the University of Budapest, and came to this country about thirty-four years ago.

Hans Jaeger, the Norwegian author, whose novel, "Bohemian Life in Christiania," aroused much comment about twenty-five years ago, and caused his imprisonment for two months, died recently.

Prof. Erich Haupt, the German theologian, died recently at Halle, at the age of sixty-eight. He had been professor of New Testament exegesis at Greifswald, and (since 1888) at Halle. His publications include "Der erste Brief des Johannes," "Die alttestamentlichen Zitate in den vier Evangelien," "Die Kirche und die akademische Lehrfreiheit," "Die Bedeutung der Heiligen Schrift für den evangelischen Christen," and "Die eschatologischen Aussagen Jesu in den synoptischen Evangelien." He was editor of the *Deutsch-Evangelischen Blätter*.

Hermann Heiberg, the German novelist, died recently, at the age of sixty-nine. He was a native of Schleswig, and had been the director of the *Norddeutsche Allgemaine Zeitung*, and a representative of the *Hamburger Correspondent*, and of the *Gartenlaube*. His long list of works includes "Fluch der Schönheit," "Die goldene Schlange," "Apotheke Heinrich," "Norddeutsche Menschen," "Ein Mann," "Zwei Frauen," "Heimat," and "Die schwarze Marit." His collected works, in eighteen volumes, were published at Leipzig in 1894-96.

Tal Talson Melstad, the Icelandic historian, died recently at Reykjavik, at the great age of ninety-seven. He had published a "History of the North."

Science.

Diamonds. By Sir William Crookes, LL.D., D.Sc., F.R.S. New York: Harper & Bros. 75 cents net.

The diamond, the hardest of all gems, has always had a fascination for the great physicists, and notably for Robert Boyle, Sir David Brewster, and Dr. Henry Draper. In the seventeenth century Robert Boyle published a volume on precious stones, and many of his observations on the diamond may still be read with interest. In the past century, Sir David Brewster and Dr. Henry Draper both published works on the properties peculiar to the diamond, and now we have, from the pen of Sir William Crookes, a valuable monograph on this subject. This distinguished physicist has made many observations on the diamond, and was invited by the British Association, in the year 1905, to deliver a lecture at Kimberley, where the association held its annual meeting, the sum of £600 being devoted to the lecture, while more than this amount was expended for the various materials employed. So keen was the demand for seats that the tickets which fell into the hands of speculators sold readily at £5 each, and it was found necessary to repeat the lecture.

This lecture suggested the present volume, which contains not only many original and valuable contributions to science, but many additional facts concerning the origin of the diamond, its occurrence in Cape Colony, Kimberley, etc., the work in the great mines, and also discussions of occurrences in India, Brazil, and Arkansas. An interesting fact brought out by the author's close study of the crystals from different mines is that the product of each mine has a distinctive character. This is so marked that a trained observer can tell from which particular locality a parcel of stones has been obtained. To this rule there are but very few exceptions.

On page 98 an effect of the action of radiant matter upon the diamond is noted. When a diamond is subjected to the bombardment of the electrons in a radiant-matter tube, the surface of the stones, in a short time, becomes black. Both Sir William Crookes and Henri Moissan have shown that this superficial coating is graphite, produced by the fusion of the outermost layer of the diamond; and it has been estimated that a temperature of 3,600 degrees centi-

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grade was generated by the attack of the electrons, although this intense heat was so rapidly diffused through the body of the crystal that it could not be noticed on the tube.

That an element of truth may exist even in an erroneous theory is an undoubted fact. An illustration of this is offered by the statement of Pliny that if the diamond were laid upon an anvil and struck with a hammer, both hammer and anvil would be fractured, but the diamond would remain unharmed. This story, offered on hearsay evidence by Pliny, and servilely copied from him by all mediæval writers, is, of course, quite incorrect; the facile cleavage of the diamond would cause it to break up into a number of pieces if treated in this way. And yet Pliny would have seen a proof of the essential truth of his account, could he have assisted at an experiment described by Sir William Crookes (p. 92):

> The intense hardness of the diamond can be illustrated by the following experiment: On the flattened apex of a conical block of steel place a diamond, and upon it bring down a second cone of steel. On forcing together the two steel cones by hydraulic pressure the stone is squeezed into the steel blocks without injuring it in the slightest degree.

Of the questioned occurrence of diamonds in the meteorite of Cañon Diablo, in Arizona, the writer says (p. 139):

> The mineral peridot is a constant extra-terrestrial visitor, present in most meteorites. And yet no one doubts that peridot is also a true constituent of rocks formed on this earth. The spectroscope reveals that the elementary composition of the stars and the earth are pretty much the same; and the spectroscope also shows that meteorites have as much of earth as of heaven in their composition. Indeed, not only are the selfsame elements present in meteorites, but they are combined in the same way to form the same minerals as in the crust of the earth.

These considerations, and the fact that iron at a high temperature and subjected to great pressure may be called "the long-sought solvent for carbon," leads the author to assert that the evidence afforded by the Cañon Diablo and other meteorites proves "that on more than one occasion a meteorite freighted with jewels has fallen as a star from the sky."

Drama.

Aristophanes and the Political Parties at Athens. By Maurice Croiset. Translated by James Loeb. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2 net.

When Hazlitt undertook to write on comedy in general, he had the singular honesty to say that, knowing little of Aristophanes, he would say little, and when he adds that, for the same reason, he will pass over Lucian, one feels that this will never do. George Meredith was better equipped. After reading Croiset's careful and scholarly discussion of the political and social views of Aristophanes in which a thesis is maintained and illustrated by analyses of the eleven extant plays (he wrote forty), it is refreshing to turn to "The Idea of Comedy" and regain the Meredithian standpoint. "There is an Idea in his Comedies," says Meredith; "it is the Idea of good citizenship." Aristophanes's good citizen will, no doubt, be one who frowns on all novelties, partly because it is the nature of the comic spirit to be conservative, to praise the old, to fix the gaze on Marathon and Salamis, and make game of recent strategy at Sphacteria, partly because Aristophanes feared the excesses of the Ionian temperament. He saw these unstable Athenians demanding empire, but refusing to pay the price for it, except spasmodically; already too ingenious, they were being trained by the sophists into dangerous habits of analysis, while they were flattered by demagogues into keeping up a ruinous war. Like Plato, Aristophanes would have had them choose in education and literature the more austere and less fascinating, and in politics the less individualistic, the old and tried. But his first duty was to make them laugh. A playwright with his talent for mordant raillery was not likely to refrain from caricature, whether of a professor who was teaching the young to be too clever, like Socrates, or of Euripides, with his sentimental tragedy and his new music, or of the socialistic woman in politics, like Praxagora, carrying out in public life that feminine ideal of simply making everybody comfortable, which every man, in his heart, thinks should be limited to the home. There is always a ridiculous side to a new fashion, and it is a question beside the mark whether Aristophanes genuinely hated, as Browning thought, almost everything that makes the Young Athenian so interesting to us.

What is still less easy to decide is whether the tendency that he ridiculed was associated in his mind with the oligarchs or the democrats, or with neither party in particular. Did he desire to pull down democracy or to reform it, since we must admit that he aimed at something more than merely entertaining the Athenians at their own expense? Was he, as Couat thinks, the paid voice of the aristocracy; did he in all his plays carry on a campaign in its behalf, lament its fall, and prepare its revenge? Or was he throughout his career seriously devoted to the interests of the rural middle-class? The latter is the theory of Croiset, whose book has been translated by Mr. Loeb.

Here, then, are two French scholars of about equal distinction, totally at variance as to the political meaning of the plays of Aristophanes. The fact is that to search for consistency in the utterances of the comic spirit, except perhaps the consistency of commonsense, will always end in this deadlock; and in the exuberant abundance of an Aristophanes you are pretty likely to find the personal creed for which you are looking. To give one or two examples: There are good critics who see Alcibiades under the mask of Peisthetærus in the "Birds"; Croiset and Couat agree that the play is pure fantasy. Busolt can see in the "Thesmophoriazusæ" the "signs of coming storm at Athens"; Croiset cannot imagine to what Busolt refers. For Couat, the "Knights," in which Demos appears as an imbecile, is a sort of political manifesto, like "The Englishman's Home," and the picture of his sudden conversion in the *dénouement* is merely the poet, like Rosebery, safeguarding his retreat. For Croiset, that conversion is the real point of the play, and its meaning is that nothing can save Athens but a return to the agricultural life. At this rate one might say he was in favor of female suffrage because it is a woman in politics, Lysistrata, whom he chooses to utter his most sensible and most appealing message to Sparta and Athens in the name of Hellenic brotherhood. This sort of treatment reminds one of a recent writer who sees everywhere in the story of fourth-century Athens the growing influence of malaria, even in the improvement in the position of women, whom their husbands now began to love because they nursed them so well. Croiset marshals his arguments better than Couat, and is therefore more convincing to read. But the strength of French criticism lies in this: that a Frenchman seldom suppresses what is against his theory, and in their summing up both Couat and Croiset rise above their theses and silence your misgivings by their generous allowances to the comic spirit. Both books may be read with profit as intelligent studies of Athenian life.

Mr. Loeb's translation is well done, and, like his translation of Decharme's "Euripides," should be of use to many English readers. There are a few misprints, such as *Archarnians* (p. 54), "Hypponicus" (p. 117), and *Greichen* (p. 172). One is grateful for the exhaustive index, which was lacking in the original, and for the introduction by Prof. John Williams White.

John Galsworthy's latest play, "Justice," the first production in Charles Frohman's new Repertory Theatre in London, is a modern, realistic tragedy of the most uncompromising sort. In effect, it is a powerful protest against the application of identical methods of punitive justice to offenders of every degree. The story is the simplest imaginable. A lawyer's clerk,

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hitherto innocent and harmless, in sheer desperation, at the appeal of a woman whom he loves, to save her from the brutality of a drunken husband, forges a small check. He is promptly arrested and tried, the scene in court—very grim and exact—being intended to show how utterly indifferent, in the presence of hard facts, a British court may be to comparatively valid pleas in extenuation. The clerk is sent to prison and the third act shows a victim of melancholia—on the verge of actual insanity—in his solitary cell. In the final act he is free only to find that the woman, for whom he had suffered, has been driven by poverty into the arms of her employer. In the vain effort to get work he writes a false reference for character, and, being arrested, commits suicide rather than go to prison again.

The first series of John S. Farmer's Tudor Facsimile Texts is now completed, and consists of thirty-eight volumes at 17s. 6d. each, one double volume at 42s. net, and four double volumes at 35s. net each; total forty-three volumes at £42 7s. net. These have been noticed in the *Nation* as they appeared. Mr. Farmer now announces that he has severed his connection with the publishers, the Messrs. Jack, and will, as his own publisher bring out a second series of volumes similar to the first, beginning with "Sir Thomas More" (Harl. MS. 7368, c. 1590), "Gammer Gurton's Needle" (c. 1551), "Edward III" (1596), and "The Yorkshire Tragedy" (1608), which are now, or soon will be, ready. As in the earlier series, 125 copies only of each volume are printed. We need scarcely emphasize again the value of these handsome photographic reproductions for minute students of the English drama. Subscriptions can be sent through any regular book agency, or directly to the editor at Little Missenden, Bucks, England.

Sarah Bernhardt presented in Paris on March 2 Jean Richepin's French rendering of a four-act tragedy, "La Beffa," by Sembenelli, a young Italian dramatist. Mme. Bernhardt acted, very effectively, it is said, the male rôle of Giannetto Malespina, a cruel and treacherous Florentine nobleman, combining the characteristics of Tiago and Lorenzaccio.

Louis James, the American actor, died on March 5, in his dressing room in a theatre in Helena, Mont. He was born in Illinois in 1842, and in 1863 made his first appearance on the stage under the management of McAuley in Louisville. Then for six years he played with the stock company of the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, under the direction of Mrs. John Drew. In 1871 he joined Augustin Daly, with whose companies he played in many characters, among them Doricourt, Joseph Surface, Young Marlow, and Bill Sykes. In Joseph Surface he was particularly successful, giving the character a blend of cynical humor, external polish, and bland hypocrisy which was exactly appropriate to it. For five years he acted with Lawrence Barrett, which whom he was especially effective in the rôle of Beppo the jester, in "Francesca da Rimini." In 1893, he appeared as a star in "The Lion's Mouth," and then joined Frederick Warde, with whom he played for several seasons in Shakesperian and other legitimate drama, acting both tragic and comic parts with considerable success. When this partnership was dissolved, he took the field alone. He won popular favor in such famous and diverse parts as Virginius, Falstaff, Richelieu, Ingomar, and Shylock. His latest impersonation was that of Peer Gynt. James was competent in comedy, and, at his best, a fine actor, but he never quite fulfilled the promise of his early youth.

Moses Horowitz, who wrote many Yiddish plays which had been produced in New York East Side theatres, died in this city on March 4, at the age of seventy-six. He was born in Bucharest, Rumania, and was well known as a theatrical manager in Austria before he came to this country, in 1882. "Ben Hador," produced six years ago, was the most successful of his plays. Five years ago a venture to produce grand opera in Yiddish at the Windsor Theatre consumed all of Horowitz's savings, and when he was stricken with paralysis following his misfortunes, his friends provided for his care in the Montefiore Home.

Music.

THE CHOPIN CENTENARY.

PARIS, February 25.

From the many notable voices that have been celebrating in France the hundredth anniversary of Chopin's birth, there have come a few words of lasting interest. Charles Widor gives an anecdote significant in nineteenth-century musical history, and an authentic observation of Chopin's keeping of time in playing his own pieces.

In 1832 Chopin came to Paris from Vienna and took lodgings. Next door there was a piano going, played by no mean hand. He learned that his neighbor, a tall, thin, long-haired Frenchman of about his own age, was a first-prize man of the Conservatoire. It was Ambroise Thomas; and the two were soon fast friends. Early one morning, Chopin rang at Thomas's door. "Get up! At eight o'clock the Société des Concerts is going to read a composition of a young German who has come to me with great recommendations." The young German was Mendelssohn, and his composition was the overture of the "Midsummer Night's Dream." The orchestra showed only too plainly its indifference to the new music. Chopin was aflame. "Think of the poetry of it, the sure technique, the invention—and those performers who understand nothing and feel nothing!" So the two friends did their best to comfort the unappreciated German and took him off to breakfast.

Ambroise Thomas had sixteen years of Chopin's intimacy, saw his work grow, and knew it by heart; and he gave this authentic direction about playing it. Chopin played rigorously in time. Whatever liberties his right hand might be taking, his left kept on scanning the time as exactly as a pendulum. Amateurs have come to believe that Chopin's style was to play without measure, always more or less in *tempo rubato*, as if his fancy were having hysterics. Artists have stuck to the true, wholesome tradition. Francis Planté wagered lately that he would play one of the last Barcarolles and not be caught in a single fault of isochronism in the bass, while keeping to his usual free execution. He seemed to pay no attention to the metronome, but his basses fell with the mathematical regularity of a chronometer. Planté is now past seventy; the younger musicians were glad to have lost their bet for the lesson. Ambroise Thomas also maintained that Chopin was not nearly so much interested in the effects as in the charm of sound and precision of the rhythm. He played clearly, bringing out the exact value of each detail in making up the whole. His *legato* and limpid polyphony have not been rivalled, while he was the soul of probity in the interpretation of the musical text.

Chopin's true place in the history of piano music is curiously appreciated on this occasion by well-known composers, particularly of the younger school. Théodore Dubois, who was a Grand Prix de Rome of the Conservatoire all but fifty years ago: "Chopin and Schumann entirely renewed the manner of writing music for the piano." Vincent D'Indy: "All I can say is that Chopin seems to me an improviser (unfortunately) of genius (fortunately)." Claude Debussy: "I almost loved Chopin when I began loving music—and I have continued." Alfred Bruneau: "Under the light arabesques with which Chopin the pianist adorned the grave melodies of Chopin the musician, we feel there is a free heart uttering itself as no other ever did before." Gaston Salayre bears witness that he heard Liszt play the chief works of Chopin—"and Liszt admired them profoundly. Is there any more valuable homage to Chopin's memory?" Camille Erlanger: "Chopin's influence is flagrant in ultra-modern music." And Fernand Le Borne: "Chopin for the piano was what the Colossus of Bayreuth was for the orchestra."

A TCHAIKOVSKY OPERA.

Inasmuch as the most popular of all symphonic works during the last decade has been the "Pathétique" of Tchaikovsky, it seems odd that until last Saturday no attempt should have been made to produce one of his operas in this country. There are eight of them that are more or less familiar in Russia: "The Oprichnik," "Vakoula the Smith," "Eugene Oniegin," "The Maid of Orleans," "Mazeppa," "The Enchantress," "Pique Dame," "Iolanthe." Two of these, "Eugene Oniegin," and "Pique Dame," are also heard occasionally in Germany; but in this city we have never got a nearer glimpse of the operatic side of Russia's greatest composer than the production of "Eugene Oniegin," in concert form, by Walter Damrosch, a few years ago. Altogether, apart from the intrinsic value of the

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opera, Saturday's production of "Pique Dame" at the Metropolitan was therefore a notable event. Gustav Mahler conducted the performance, the opera was beautifully staged, and the cast included Emmy Destinn, Anna Meitschik, Florence Wickham, Alma Gluck, Leo Slezak, Adamo Didur, Adolf Mühlmann, John Forsell. The reception of the novelty (which was written in 1890) was favorable, but not enthusiastic. It is not likely that many of those who heard it shared the opinion of the composer, expressed to his brother Modeste (who is responsible for the libretto), that "Pique Dame" is a masterpiece.

"Pique Dame" (in English, "Queen of Spades") is the name of an aged countess on whom, in her youth, famous men had danced attendance, and who had also had such great luck at the gaming-tables that she was reputed the possessor of a secret combination of cards capable of winning every game. A young St. Petersburg officer named Hermann resolves to find out this secret, and thus win the money he needs to elope with Liza, the countess's granddaughter. Liza is engaged to Prince Jeletsky, but favors Hermann. She gives him the keys to her own apartments and those of the countess, before whom he appears in the night, and, pistol in hand, demands the secret, so frightening her that she expires. Subsequently, in his barracks, her ghost appears to him, showing him the three cards. Liza waits near the Winter Canal, ready to fly with him. But when he comes, he raves about the cards, ignores her, and she, in despair, after he has left, throws herself into the Neva. In the last scene we see Hermann at the gambling-tables testing his secret. On the first two cards shown him by the ghost, he wins; but when he comes to the third, it proves to be, instead of the expected ace, the queen of spades. In a fit of despair and madness he stabs himself.

Tchaikovsky composed the music to this grewsome libretto of his brother, as he wrote to him, "with pleasure and self-oblivion"; yet it does not show his genius at its best. There is a great deal of operatic small talk accompanying the dialogue, and there are no grand climaxes to atone for it, such as his purely orchestral works contain in abundance. He himself was particularly pleased with the scene in which Hermann visits the old Queen of Spades and causes her death; and here the music certainly is inspired, and equal in grewsomeness to the dramatic situation. The storm music in the first act is not particularly effective. Lyrically, the loveliest number is a duo in the second act. Charming also is the old pastoral ballet in the same act, with music *à la Mozart*. Tchaikovsky adored Mozart and despised Wagner. His chances of success as an opera composer—like those of Rubinstein, who held the same attitude—would have been much greater had he also adored Wagner, and learned from him the secret of constructing a successful modern opera. Tolstoi advised him strongly to give up the pursuit of theatrical success, because of "the complete falseness of opera." Referring to this in a letter, Tchaikovsky adds: "I, too, when I am writing an opera, feel so constrained and fettered that I often think I will never compose another." It would have been well had he followed this inclination, and given all his time to purely instrumental music.

Art.

"Old English Colour Prints," by Malcolm C. Salaman, is one of those fully illustrated special numbers with which the *International Studio* occasionally favors its readers. The appeal of these tinted engravings is æsthetically rather small. The English artisan engravers went in for the obviously engaging qualities, and never attained that thoughtful beauty of tone which makes a print by Lavreince an authentic work of art. Any powdery charm in the originals is much attenuated in the forty facsimiles which illustrate this number. The appeal is to the incipient collector who would familiarize himself with the most noted subjects. Mr. Salaman's observation on the limited taste of collectors of these trifles is worth repeating. "It is," he says, "a curious and noteworthy fact that the collector of old English color-prints has rarely, if ever, any sympathy with modern art, however fine, however beautiful."

Many students know the Art Museum of the University of Oxford for its drawings by Leonardo, Michelangelo, and Raphael; a smaller class may be acquainted with the Arundel marbles, the Renaissance bronzes of the Fortnum collection, or the small but fine group of paintings by the English Pre-Raphaelites. A handbook just issued, "Ashmolean Museum: Summary Guide" (Oxford: Printed for The Visitors), reveals riches which only the inner circle will have known. In Ægean and Hittite archæology the collection of this museum, comprising fac-similes as well as originals, is elsewhere unequalled. Most readers, then, will turn first to the section on Ægean (sometimes called more restrictedly Minoan) antiquities, which is written by the keeper of the museum, the well-known Cretan excavator, D. G. Hogarth. These pages contain not merely a reasoned inventory of the galleries, but also give a succinct account of the nature of Ægean art, so lately recovered from Crete, and of its importance as the forerunner of Hellenic civilization. Since the museum is also rich in Egyptian, especially in Pre-dynastic objects, and contains, aside from the Hittite collection, numbers of Cypriote, Phœnician, Babylonian, and Cycladic exhibits, its importance for the study of the primitive art of the eastern Mediterranean is obvious. This little pocket guide has been written by half a dozen specialists, comprising or allied with the staff of the museum, and revised by the keeper. It is primarily intended for lay visitors, but will be useful to all students of the history of art.

The second volume of Lewis F. Day's "Nature and Ornament" (Scribner importation) bears the subtitle: "Ornament, the Finished Product of Design." After establishing the main classification of ornament into naturalistic, conventional, and abstract, he shows by historic examples typical adaptations of natural forms—flowers, vines, trees, animal forms, grotesques. Against naturalism the author sets himself firmly. It seems to us that the geometrical approach to decorative design is the sound one. By dispensing with nature for a time, the beginner learns to use her only when she clearly serves his turn. Naturally Mr. Day's subject, being at least half nature, forbade him to suggest a method of attack with which we fancy he is really in sympathy. How much we need to reinvigorate modern ornament by reference to sturdy geometrical forms is shown in all the examples of modern English design, including the author's. We find many beautiful and intelligent simplifications of natural forms, in detail, but almost no patterns that have consistence as wholes. Beyond a diaper or all-over pattern, the current work is painfully lacking in character. Mr. Day's plea for a balance between independent study of nature and consultation of historical ornament seems to us eminently sound. His pages overflow with well-chosen examples of fine decoration from every field and era of art. Merely as a repertory this book will be useful to practical designers; to beginners it offers valuable direction conveyed with much good sense and geniality.

A useful abridgment of H. M. Cundall's revision of William Chaffers's "Keramic Gallery" appears in the "Collectors' Handbook to Keramics of the Renaissance and Modern Periods," which Charles Scribner's Sons have imported. The merits and limitations of the larger book have already been set forth in these columns (June 18, 1908). From this handbook some of the larger and many of the smaller illustrations have been omitted, but enough are retained to represent each important type of pottery down to about 1880. The text, while necessarily much abbreviated, tells a continuous story. For any collector who does not care to purchase the more expensive and sumptuous work this is an excellent substitute.

The album-like form of "Great Portraits, Women" and "Great Portraits, Children" (Bates & Guild Co.) might lead a casual observer to neglect the text. This would be a mistake, for it is written by the well-known Boston painter and art critic, Philip L. Hale, and it contains many sensible and shrewd observations on portraiture in general. Pure gold is the comment on psychology in portraiture. Says Mr. Hale: "The fact is the term is used very loosely. Some painters study the forms more closely than others, and they are called psychologists. The most that a painter can do is to copy the forms; and if he does it faithfully a something beyond his understanding is now and then created." On minor matters there are grounds of difference with our author. Portraiture does not hang on the development of oil technic. Some of the finest heads we have are in tempera and even in fresco. Nor were incidental portraits of donors rare in Italy before Titian's Pesaro Madonna. In Mantegna and his Northern imitators the practice was common a generation before Titian's activity, while in Florentine frescoes, portraiture of a masterly quality lags only a bare ten years behind the Van Eycks. Æsthetically, one might quarrel with the dictum that, for painting purposes, a woman should be very young or very old. Excluding the moderns, who have almost specialized on the woman of thirty years, Dürer, Holbein, Lotto, to go no further, afford memorable instances to the contrary. A fastidious reader will regret the oversprinkling of the text with French terms. One more minor cavil before we have done with these interesting essays: the beautiful marble bust in the Louvre set down here as of unknown au-

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thorship has long since been identified as a Francesco Laurana, while the little St. John, in gray stone, of the Bargello, is not by Donatello, but by an early copyist of Desiderio da Settignano. The illustrations of these two volumes range from Leonardo da Vinci to Sir Thomas Lawrence, and are generally well reproduced.

The death is announced of Johann Börjeson, the gifted Swedish sculptor. He was born in Holland in 1835. His principal works include Die Kegelspieler, in the Gothenburg Museum; Die Fischerknaben, in the National Museum at Stockholm, and a colossal statue of the poet Holberg, for the city of Bergen.

Finance.

A CHAPTER IN STEEL TRUST FINANCE.

Last week's resignation from the Steel Corporation's directory, of the last representative of the Rockefeller interest left in its membership, and the reason formally assigned for it, excited widespread comment. From the hour of the company's organization, in March, 1901, public attention has converged incessantly on the question, how many shares did the largest "insiders" hold. At the start, the facts were roughly known. Out of the $1,018,000,000 United States Steel stock issued in March, 1901, $188,500,000 was assigned to the fifty or so junior holders of the Carnegie Steel Company; Carnegie himself having received only bonds. The numerous shareholders in the seven or eight less important steel manufacturing combinations which were taken in, received something over $600,000,000 in the new United States Steel shares.

There remained one very large individual allotment, issued for what an official circular described as "the acquisition of more than 85 per cent. of the stock of the Lake Superior Consolidated Iron Mines, embracing therein the interests of John D. Rockefeller." This 85 per cent. interest footed up $25,000,000; it was exchanged for 270 per cent. in the Steel Corporation's new shares; so that the initial "Rockefeller interest" was a little above $64,000,000. So far as documentary evidence is available, this was the largest single holding of the Steel shares. The next largest, that of one of the Carnegie partners, was a trifle above $50,000,000.

Just a year afterward, another peep at the inside facts became possible. Under the law, the large Steel investors were compelled to file at Trenton, with a statement of their several holdings, their assents to the plan for converting $200,000,000 Steel preferred shares into bonds. It was not possible to say exactly to what extent such "inside interests" signed for the whole of their holdings, and to just what extent they allowed brokers or agents to sign for them. But, taking the declarations as they stood, the list showed that the Rockefeller holdings still made up one of the three largest individual blocks—slightly exceeded, then, by the holdings signed for respectively by Messrs. Phipps and Frick.

The withdrawal of the younger Rockefeller from the directorate, last week, would perhaps have attracted no unusual notice—especially in view of the simultaneous news of his proposed work in the new "Rockefeller Foundation"—but for the official explanation given out by the Chairman of the Board. It was:

> Mr. Rockefeller, jr., states that the only reason for his resignation is that the holdings of stock in the company by members of his family are not sufficiently large to justify his giving any time or attention to the affairs of the corporation.

This was necessarily tantamount to saying that the $64,000,000 Rockefeller interest in the Steel Corporation had been sold out.

When was this done, and why? John D. Rockefeller, although the largest individual investor, personally a director in the company at the start, and represented on the board ever since, until last week, did not cut any figure in the company's earlier history. The "Morgan control," no doubt through the coöperation of the other large single blocks of holdings, was unquestioned. The Rockefeller interests raised no question, during 1901 and 1902, over the two very much-discussed fiscal moves—the 4 per cent. initial dividend on "Steel common," and the plan to turn $200,000,000 preferred stock into bonds.

In 1903 came a change of position in the field of high finance. Some very large holders of the Steel shares had engaged in other and far more perilous promoting experiments. The projects came to grief; the hour arrived of tightening credit and undigested securities. Many of these financiers had to throw their Steel shares overboard; the price, which had risen to 55 in 1901, fell by March, 1904, to 8⅜. But it was well understood in Wall Street that the "Standard Oil interests" had put their own house in order before the storm began, and it was inferred that, around the lower prices, the Rockefellers were buying the Steel shares with which the other interests were forced to part. Towards the close of 1903, when the Stock Exchange operations of the syndicate which had engaged to deliver preferred stock in exchange for bonds were exciting angry public protest, a halt was suddenly called on the whole proceeding. With only three-fourths of the allotted $200,000,000 thus exchanged, the "stock conversion" stopped. Rightly or wrongly, Wall Street ascribed the veto on it to the Rockefeller interests, backed by their increased holdings of the Steel shares.

Whether because of this new interest or not, but at any rate with its approval, three years of very conservative management ensued. The dividend on Steel common was neither earned nor paid in 1904; but even when earnings improved again, it was nearly two years before dividends were resumed, and the rate then fixed was only half what it had been in 1901. Two to five times as much as formerly was appropriated every year for improvement and construction. This lasted up to the panic

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of 1907, through which the Steel Corporation passed with less trouble than it experienced in 1903—a result unquestionably attributable to the wise husbanding of resources and building up of surplus during 1905, 1906, and the early months of 1907. When the panic came, Wall Street discovered an interesting fact. Certain of the "Standard Oil interests," though by no means all of them, were caught in the market as a result of their speculations of 1906, precisely as certain of their rivals had, in 1903, been involved because of 1902. There was also reason to believe that the people whose "Steel" they had bought, at the bargain prices of four years before, had prepared for 1907 as the "Standard Oil interests" themselves had prepared for 1903. There was apparently another extensive shifting of holdings, during the panic period, from one "inside interest" to another; the Stock Exchange asserted that virtual control had passed again into the hands which had relinquished it in 1903. Perhaps because this stock predominance was now recovered, restoration of the 4 per cent. common stock dividend, the very peculiar speculation in the stock, and its rise almost to par, made up the next chapter—that of 1909.

When, then, were the original Rockefeller holdings of "Steel" closed out? It has been shown that certain "Standard Oil interests" were engaged in forced liquidation during the panic. But that this hard-pressed group of financiers included the man who sold his Lake Superior property, in 1901, for $64,000,000 in the Steel shares, was never imagined for a moment. John D. Rockefeller, indeed, during the crisis of October, 1907, was busy advancing money to help out the hard-pressed trust companies. If he did not sell his "Steel" before the low prices of the panic, he is fairly certain not to have sold them until some time afterward. There are those who hazard the guess that, since retirement of the last Rockefeller director from the Steel Corporation's board was not announced until March, 1910, the closing-out process must have been effected in the last months of 1909, when the fiscal policies of 1905 and 1906 were changed, when dividends were twice increased in advance of resumption of construction appropriations, and when Steel common, in last autumn's excited speculation, rose to 94⅞.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

Armes, E. The Story of Coal and Iron in Alabama. Birmingham, Ala.: Chamber of Commerce.

Blackstone, E. M. The American Woman's Cook Book. Chicago: Laird & Lee. $1.50.

Bronson, E. B. *In Closed Territory.* Chicago: McClurg & Co. $1.75 net.

Browne, P. E. A Fool There Was. H. K. Fly Co.

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